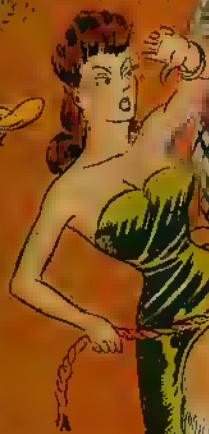
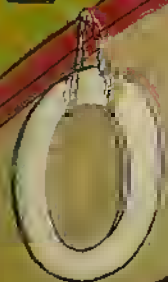


YELLOWJACKET

COMICS

10¢

NO. 5



IN THIS ISSUE



**KING of
the BEASTS**

AL FAGALY

A collage of various comic book covers from the mid-20th century, including titles like 'Supermouse', 'Startling Comics', 'Jetta', 'Mystery Comics', 'Fantastic Tales', 'Cosmo Cat', 'Strange Worlds', 'Exciting Comics', 'Daring Adventures', 'Casper Cat', 'Eerie', 'Exciting Comics', 'Barnyard Comics', 'Famous Funnies', 'Hill Country', 'Teen-Age Sweetheart', 'Jetta', 'Science', 'Quick Lunch', 'Snake Eyes', 'Miss Masque', 'Eerie', 'Exciting Comics', 'Casper Cat', and 'Daring Adventures'. A large, stylized speech bubble in the center contains the text 'WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM'.



Now YOU can learn these ROUGH AND READY RANGER TACTICS

JIU-JITSU, WRESTLING,
BOXING, ACROBATICS



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This big book—for "boys" from 8 to 80!—contains barrels of fun—plenty of useful information to help you learn from its 18 different Chapters! Here are the highlights:



CARTOONING—on 8-lesson course!

VENTRILOQUISM—how to "throw your voice" and make a dummy!

JIU-JITSU—amazing grips taught to Marines, Rangers, Commandos, G-Men!



WRESTLING—holds that make you a wildcat!

BOXING—complete course in tactics, blows, strategy!

LARIAT THROWING—how to handle the lasso like a cowboy!

PUNCH THE BAG—punch it faster than the eye can follow!



POWERFUL MUSCLES—how to build arm, leg and body muscles for great power!

Remember, this is only an outline of 18 books crowded into one BIG book of 286 pages. Handy to carry in your hip bag!

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I enclose \$1. RUSH me postpaid in plain wrapper a copy of FUN FOR BOYS. Include the FREE GAME KIT. If not delighted with results, I may return book and get my money back at once.

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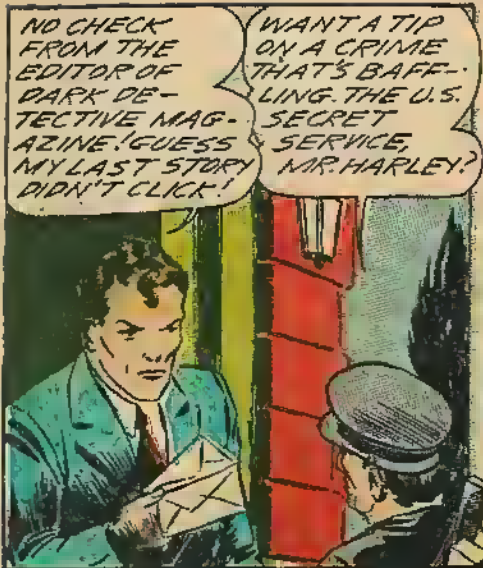
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FOR YEARS, VINCE HARLEY, CRIME-
FICTION-EDITOR OF DARK
DETECTIVE MAGAZINE HAS
FOLLOWED HIS HOBBY OF RAISING
AND TRAINING BEES... FROM THEM
HE HAS ABSORBED THEIR QUALITIES
OF ATTACK AND UNUSUAL STRENGTH!!
WHILE GATHERING MATERIAL FOR HIS
MAGAZINE STORIES. VINCE HARLEY,
IN THE GUISE OF YELLOWJACKET,
ATTACKS CRIME AND CRIMINALS IN A
SERIES OF UNUSUAL ADVENTURES,
IN WHICH THE YELLOWJACKET BEES,
TRAINED TO OBEY HIS WISHS,
ASSIST HIM TO ACCOMPLISH HIS
GOAL-THE ELIMINATION OF EVIL!!

FAGIN IS THE LOWEST TYPE OF
CRIMINAL-TREACHEROUS, SLY, AND
EXTREMELY DANGEROUS WHEN
CORNERED VINCE HARLEY,
CRIME FICTION WRITER AND BEE
KEEPER, USES HIS DASHING
DISGUISE AS YELLOWJACKET
TO GET THE INSIDE FACTS ON
A FAGIN'S NEFARIOUS RACKET
IN THIS THE ADVENTURE OF
THE MAIL BOX MARAUDERS!



NO CHECK FROM THE EDITOR OF DARK DETECTIVE MAGAZINE! GUESS MY LAST STORY DIDN'T CLICK!

WANT A TIP ON A CRIME THAT'S BAFFLING THE U.S. SECRET SERVICE, MR. HARLEY?



YOU BET I DO, TOM! WHAT IS IT?

GOVERNMENT CHECKS BEING STOLEN FROM BOXES ON MY ROUTE! THE THIEF MUST BE AN INVISIBLE MAN!

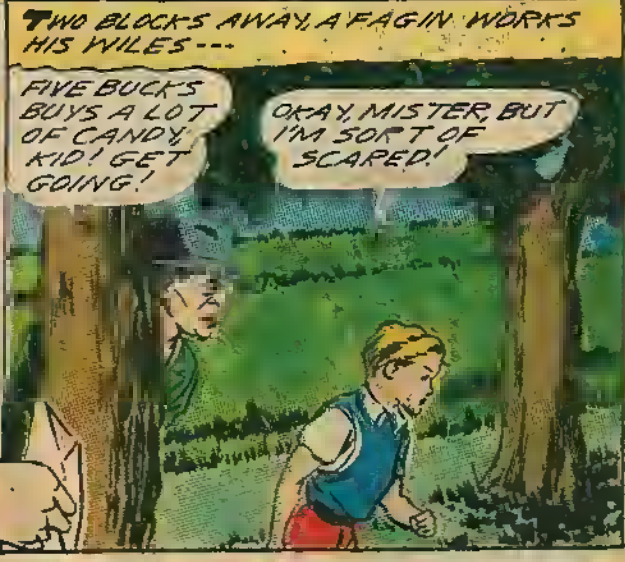


INVISIBLE MAN? THAT IS A TEMPTING OPPONENT FOR YELLOWJACKET-- BUT IN DAYLIGHT, WITH THE POLICE DOUBTFUL OF MY MOTIVES?



IN A FEW SWIFT MOMENTS, EAGERNESS DROWNS CAUTION!

BUT IF THE COPS AND FEDERAL AGENTS ARE STUMPED I WANT A CRACK AT THE CASE!



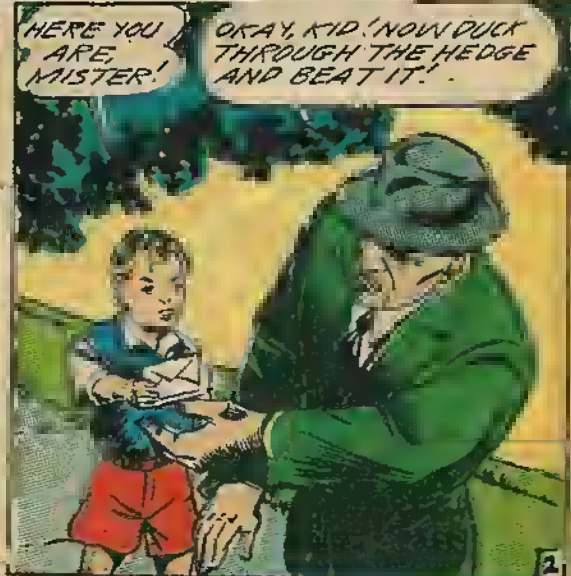
TWO BLOCKS AWAY, A FAGIN WORKS HIS WILES---

FIVE BUCKS BUYS A LOT OF CANDY, KID! GET GOING!

OKAY, MISTER, BUT I'M SORT OF SCARED!



FIVE DOLLARS-- GOSH! BUT I HOPE I DON'T GET CAUGHT!



HERE YOU ARE, MISTER!

OKAY, KID! NOW DUCK THROUGH THE HEDGE AND BEAT IT!

YELLOWJACKET! HE'S SPOTTED ME, BUT I'LL FIX HIM IF HE GETS TOO CLOSE!



TRAILED BY HIS SWARM OF YELLOW-JACKET BEES, THE DARING CRIME FIGHTER SWOOPS FOR HIS PREY!



THAT MAN'S IN TOO GREAT A HURRY! BUZZ AFTER HIM, BOYS!

THIS BULLET'S FOR YOU, WISE GUY!

SIC HIM! DON'T LET HIM ESCAPE!



HE SLAMMED THE DOOR, AND THE WINDOW'S CLOSED! THE BEES CAN'T REACH HIM!



HE FELL! I COULDN'T HAVE MISSED! I'LL GO 'ROUND THE BLOCK AND GRAB THAT KID TO PLAY SAFE!



Y-YELLOW-JACKET! HE SHOT AT YOU, DIDN'T HE?

YES, JIMMY-ER, YOU'RE JIMMY LYONS, AREN'T YOU?

HOW DID YOU KNOW MY NAME?

YOU'D BETTER RUN OVER TO VINCE HARLEY'S HOUSE AND ASK HIM ABOUT ME! I MUST GO NOW!



KEEP CRUISING
AROUND JONAS!
THAT KID WILL
SQUEAL UNLESS
I GRAB HIM!

RIGHT, MAX!
AND DON'T
HESITATE TO
KILL YELLOW-
JACKET IF YOUR
SHOT DIDN'T
FINISH HIM!



AH! THERE'S
THE BRAT! HE
AIN'T ALONE BUT
I CAN PULL A
FAST ONE!



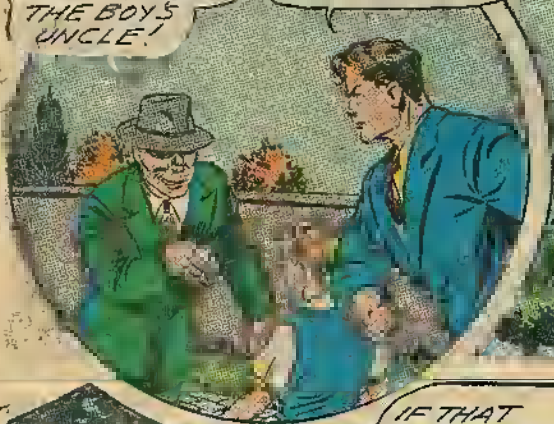
YOUR
BEES ARE
TRAINED
SAME AS
YELLOW-
JACKET'S
PETS?

JIMMY,
TELL
ME WHO
WAS
THAT MAN?



TIME FOR YOUR
MUSIC LESSON,
JIMMY! ER, I'M
THE BOYS
UNCLE!

IN A PIG'S EYE,
YOU ARE!

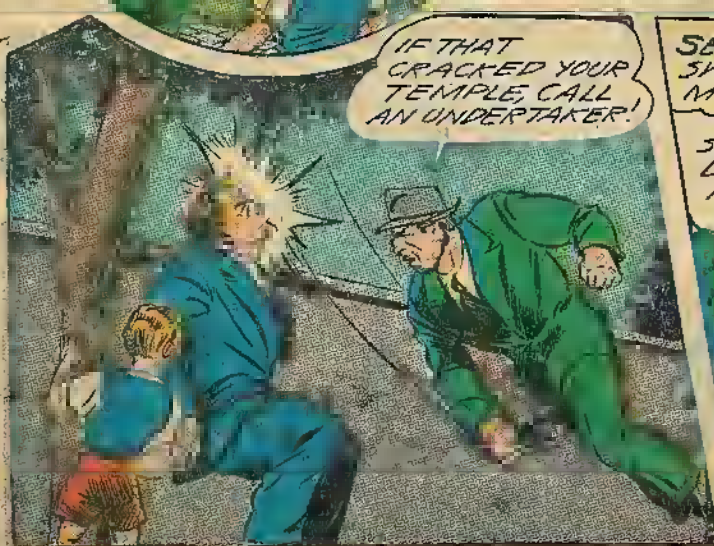


AND I'LL MAKE
YOU SAY MORE
THAN "UNCLE!"

YEAH? IF YOU
HAVEN'T SAID
YOUR PRAYERS,
-URRY UP!



IF THAT
CRACKED YOUR
TEMPLE, CALL
AN UNDERTAKER!



SENSING DANGER, THE BEES
SWARM OVER THEIR UNCONSCIOUS
MASTER---

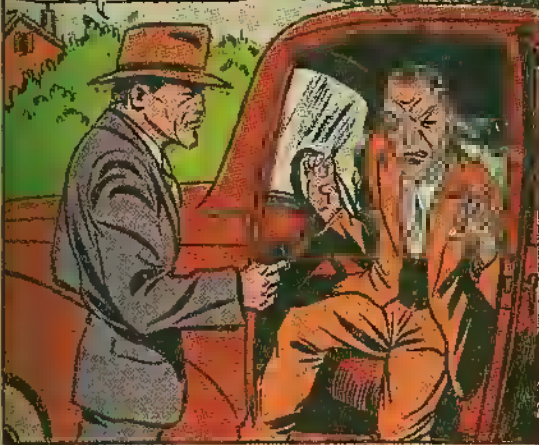
STOP KICKING, YOU
LITTLE FOOL, OR
I'LL KNOCK YOUR
HEAD OFF!



AT THIS MOMENT A NEW
FIGURE ENTERS THE CASE---

GET OUT WITH
YOUR HANDS UP!
I'M A U.S. SECRET
SERVICE MAN!

LOOK, MISTER,
YOU'RE
MISTAKEN!



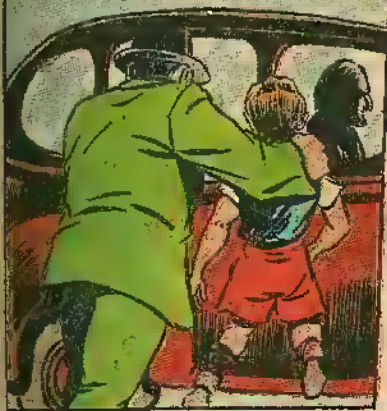
THAT BLOODHOUND'S HAD
HIS NOSE ON OUR TRACK
TOO LONG! HE CAN PLAY
DEAD PIGEON NOW!

YELLOWJACKET!
YELLOWJACKET!



STEP ON IT, JONAS!
WE'VE GOT TO CASH
THE CHECKS AND
CHECK OUT OF THIS
BURG FAST!

I-I HEARD A
SHOT-AND
JIMMY CRYING
FOR YOU, YELLOW-
JACKET! WE
HAVEN'T A
MOMENT TO LOSE!



THEY'VE ESCAPED WITH
JIMMY, BUT THEIR VICTIM
ISN'T DEAD! HE'S MOVING!



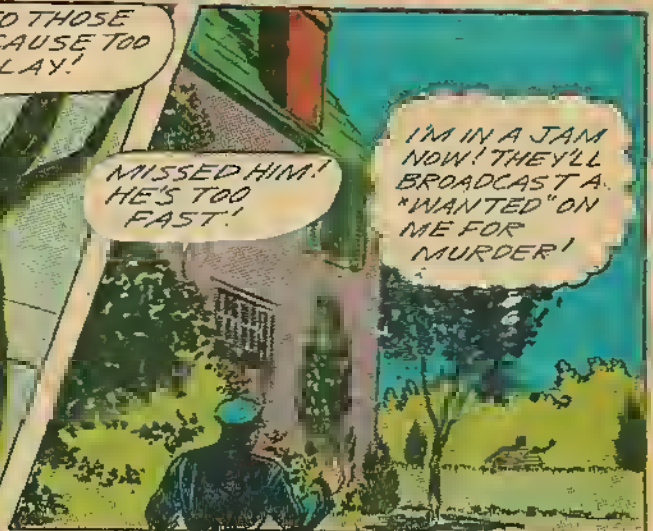
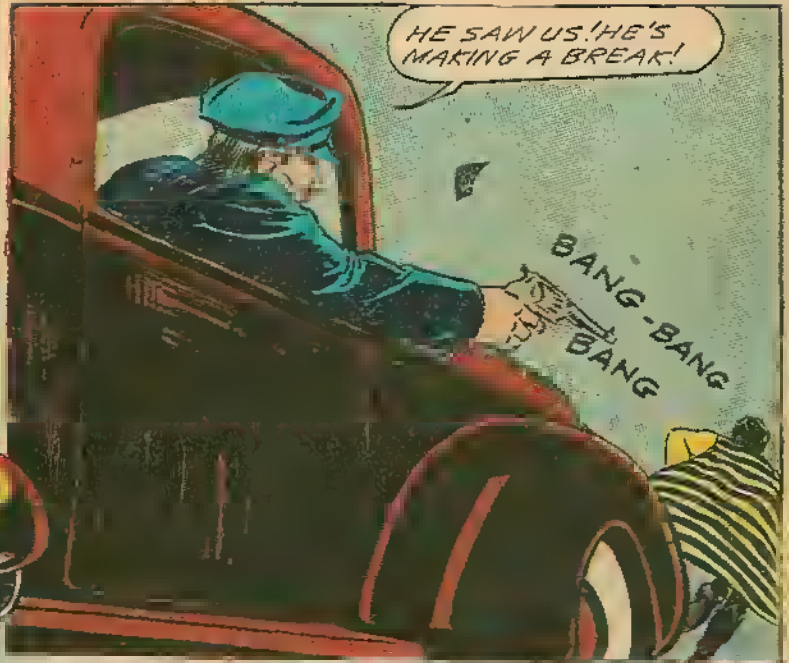
MY CHIEF SAID
YOU'RE TRUST WORTHY,
YELLOWJACKET! TAKE
MY NOTEBOOK! IT
G-GIVES THE DOPE
ON 'EM!

FIRST, I'M
CALLING
AN
AMBULANCE!



COUGHED HIS
LAST BREATH!
I'LL HOUND THOSE
KILLERS INTO
THE SHADOW OF
THE HOT SEAT!



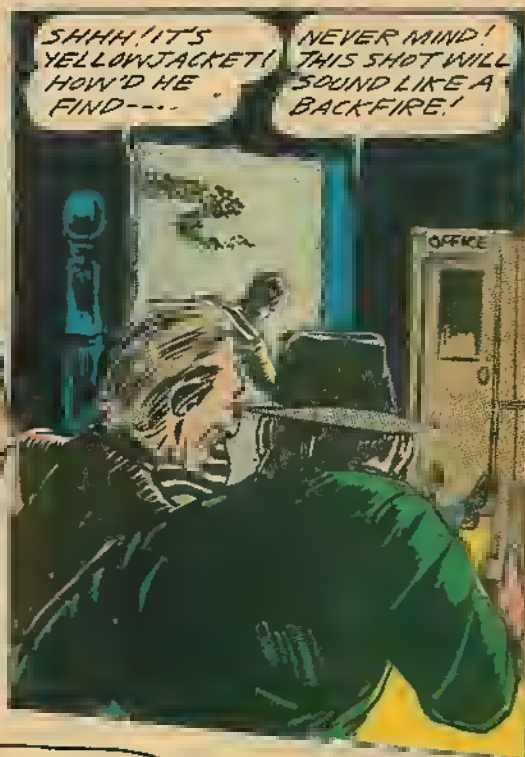


THIS IS JUST IN CASE
YOU GO NUTS AND TRY
MONKEYING ON ME
WITH THAT WRENCH!

AAH-UH!

SHHH! IT'S
YELLOWJACKET!
HOW'D HE
FIND----

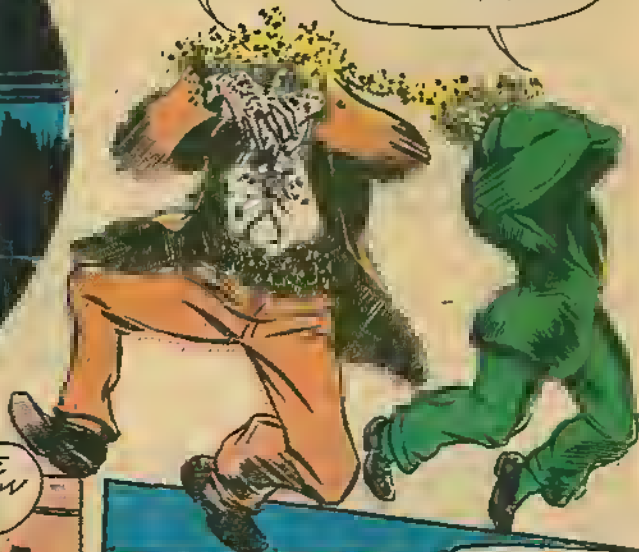
NEVER MIND!
THIS SHOT WILL
SOUND LIKE A
BACKFIRE!



OH-OH! I
STUMBLED INTO
A DEATH TRAP
WITH MY BACK TO
THE WALL! GET
AFTER 'EM,
YELLOWJACKETS!

OOW! HE
LOOSED HIS
BEES ON US!

YEAH - WE
CAN'T FIGHT
'EM OFF! RUN!

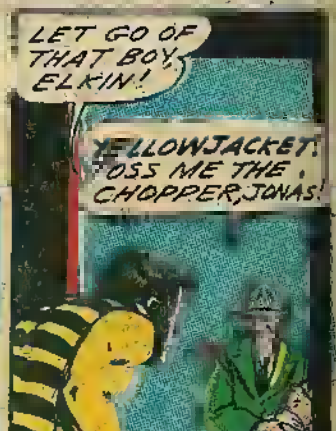
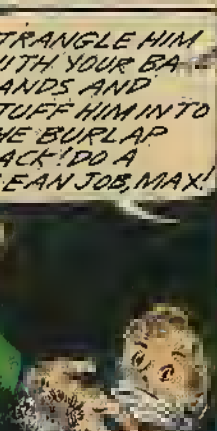
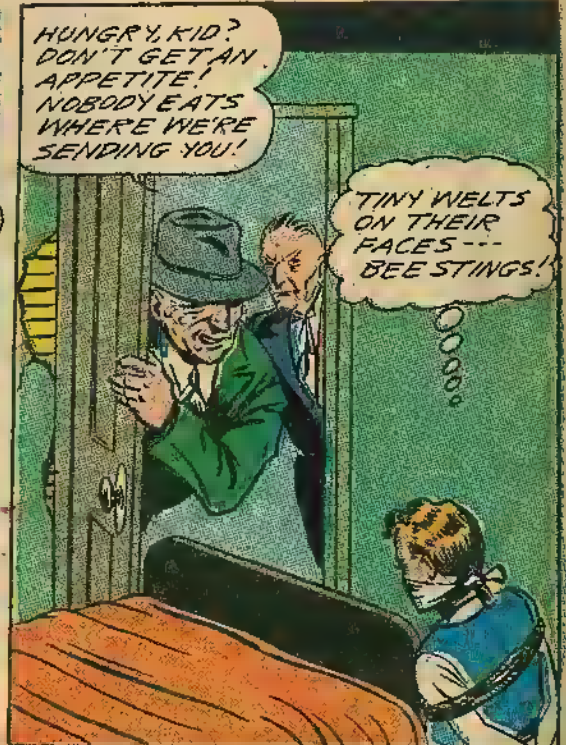


HEAD FOR THE SMOKE,
JONAS! THAT'LL THROW
'EM OFF OUR TRAIL!

WHERE WILL I FIND THE
MEN WHO OWN THIS
CAR? AND DON'T LIE
TO ME, FELLA!

HOTEL BYRNE!
A FLOP-
HOUSE DOWN
THE BLOCK!







THAT'S IT!
NOW BACK
AGAINST
THE WALL!

NOT FOR YOU,
SUCKER! THAT
GUN IS JAMMED!

SLASH HIM,
MAX! HERE'S
YOUR CHANCE.

YOU'RE
TELLING
ME!

HE PULLED
A FAST ONE
AGAIN!

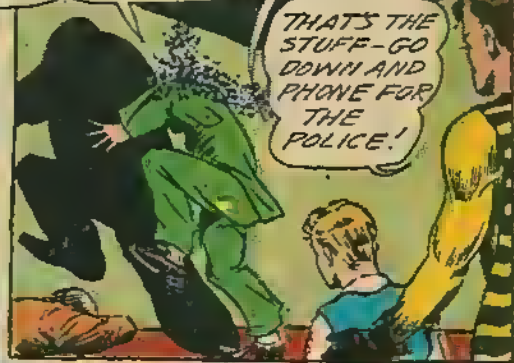


EEE AH!
THOSE CURSED
BEES!

THE DARK
HALLWAY DE-
LAYED 'EM!
BZZZ... STING
HIM GOOD,
YELLOWJACKETS.

THEY'RE
BLINDING
ME! WE
SURRENDER!

GOSH! I'LL NEVER
BE FOOLED BY
EASY MONEY
AGAIN!



THAT'S THE
STUFF-GO
DOWN AND
PHONE FOR
THE POLICE!

MAX ELKIN
AND JONAS
PELEY!
YELLOWJACKET
AND HIS BEES
LEFT 'EM IN
BAD SHAPE!

THE G MAN'S
NOTEBOOK AND
OTHER EVIDENCE
WILL SEND 'EM
BOTH TO THE
CHAIR! NOW
I'D BETTER
SCRAM!

NEXT MORNING IN
VINCE HARLEY'S
STUDY...

GOSH! I WANT TO TELL
YOU WHAT HAPPENED
AFTER THAT CROOK
KNOCKED YOU OUT
YESTERDAY!

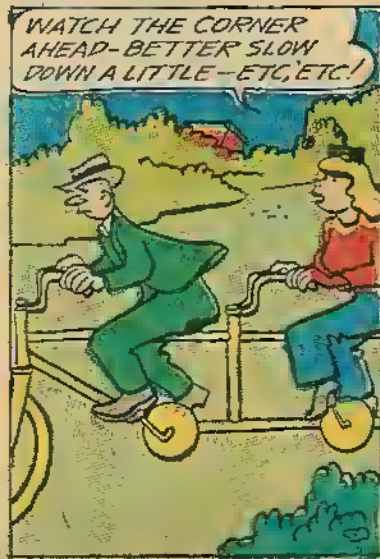
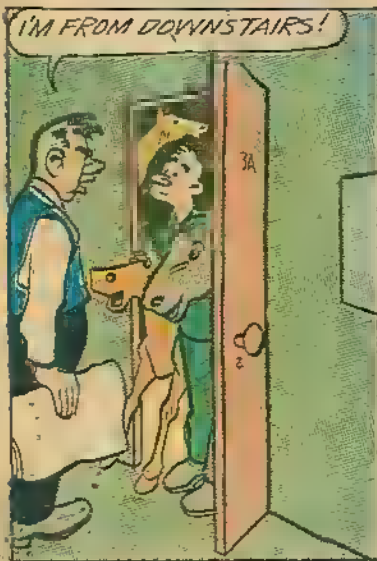
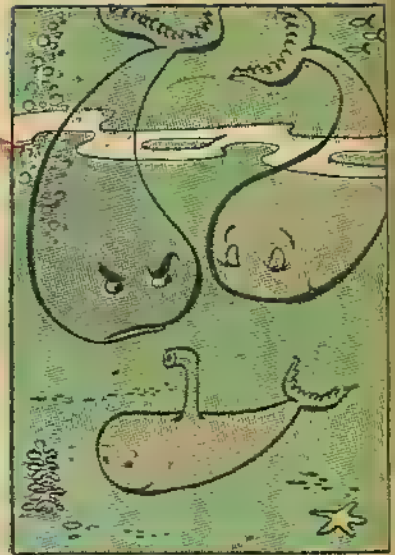
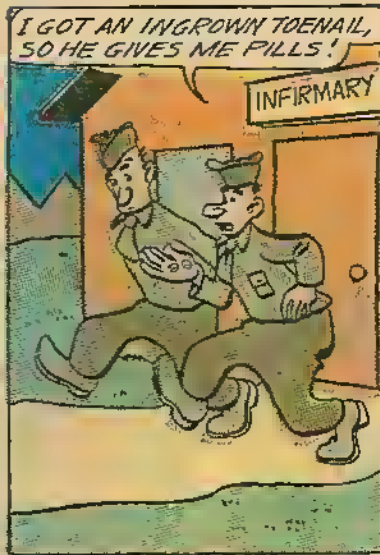
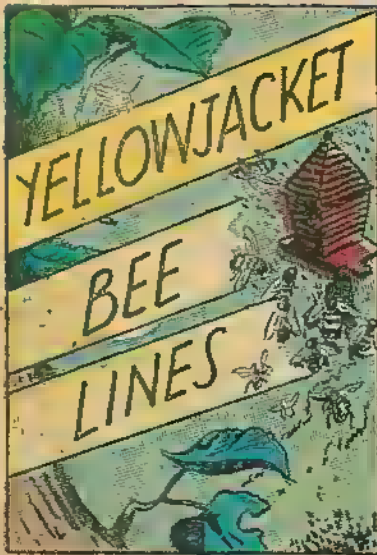
YELLOWJACKET BEAT
YOU TO IT, JIMMY! I'M
WRITING THE INSIDE
STORY NOW FOR DARK
DETECTIVE MAGAZINE!

BUT MAYBE YELLOW
JACKET SKIPPED
SOME DETAIL! GO
AHEAD, JIMMY!

SWELL!
I KNEW
YOU'D BE
INTERESTED.



THE
END



YELLOWJACKET COMICS

YELLOWJACKET

IN *THE* ADVENTURE OF THE CLIPPER INN!



ALL MORTALS NEED A REST FROM THEIR JOBS ONCE A YEAR—AND SO DOES YELLOW JACKET, THE FEARLESS FIGHTER OF CRIME, WHO DOES DOUBLE DUTY AS VINCE HARLEY, CELEBRATED SLEUTH STORY WRITER! AND LIKE OTHER WRITERS, HE NATURALLY PICKS THE SANDY SEA COAST OF PROVINCETOWN FOR HIS VACATION—AND THAT'S WHERE THE BRILLIANT BEE-MAN STEPS INTO A HORNET'S NEST OF ACTION *in* —
THE ADVENTURE of the CLIPPER INN!

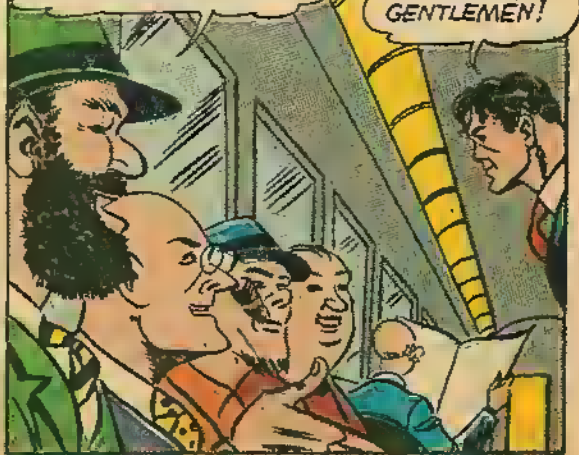
AS A FAST LUXURY TRAIN SPEEDS VINCE HARLEY TOWARD THE CAPE COD RESORT —

VINCE! HOW ARE YOU, BOY? LOOKS LIKE EVERY WRITER IN AMERICA IS ON THIS TRAIN!

I GUESS THEY FLOCK TOGETHER—EVEN WHEN THEY WANT TO RELAX!



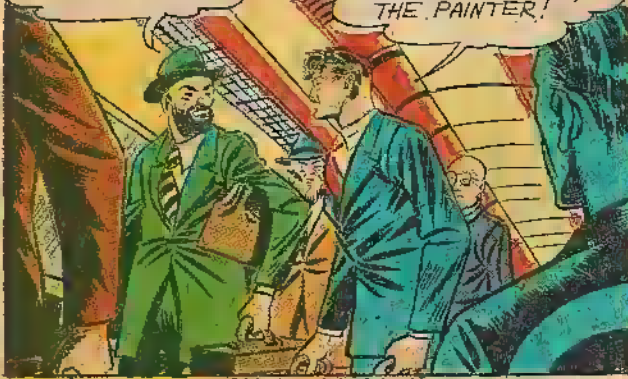
DO YOU KNOW THESE FELLOW—NEEDLESS TO SAY, I'VE READ YOUR BOOKS, GENTLEMEN!



A FEW HOURS OF CLEVER CONVERSATION—AND FIVE FAMOUS MEN JOLT TO JOURNEY'S END!

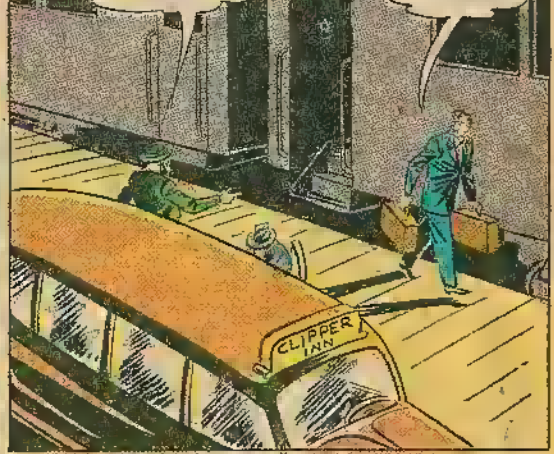
GOT A PLACE TO STAY, VINCE? WE'VE ALL GOT RESERVATIONS AT THE CLIPPER INN!

CLIPPER INN? MUST BE A NEW PLACE, EH? I'M STAYING WITH BRUCE MITCHELL, THE PAINTER!



IT IS NEW, VINCE! COME ON OUT FOR A CHAT AFTER DINNER—IF YOU CAN FIND THE PLACE!

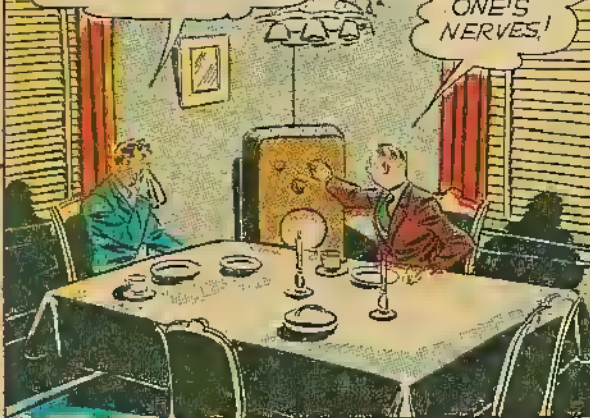
FINE, HEAVENWAY, I'LL BE THERE!



LATER— AT THE MITCHELL HOME!

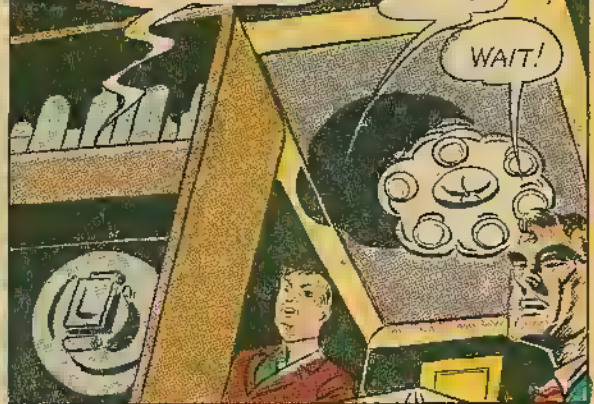
GREAT MEAL, BRUCE! NOTHING LIKE THIS SEA AIR TO SATISFY A MAN'S HUNGER!

YES, AND MUSIC TO SOOTHE ONE'S NERVES!



DIRECT FROM CORNELL HALL, WHERE A GREAT MEETING FOR THE "REBUILD EUROPE FUND" IS BEING HELD! NEXT WE INTRODUCE THE TREASURER OF THE FUND—MR. HERBERT HEAVENWAY! I'LL GET THAT OFF!

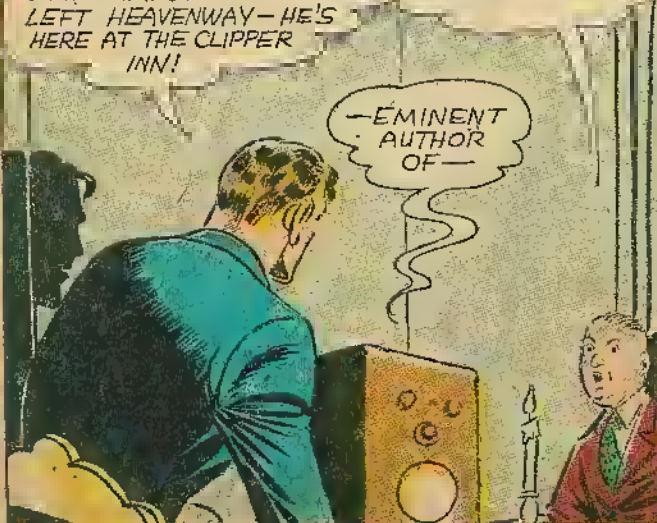
WAIT!



THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! I JUST LEFT HEAVENWAY—HE'S HERE AT THE CLIPPER INN!

CLIPPER INN?

—EMINENT AUTHOR OF—



GOOD EVENING, FRIENDS! I APPEAL TO YOU TO CONTRIBUTE—

HEAVENWAY'S VOICE! BUT—IT CAN'T BE!



WHAT GOES ON? LET'S TAKE A LOOK IN AT CORNEGIE HALL!

WE GLADLY GIVE OUR TME TO THIS WORTHY CAUSE - MESSRS. RICER, LAIRIS, O'TOOLE AND MYSELF!



WE APPEAL TO YOU TO OPEN YOUR HEARTS - AND YOUR POCKETBOOKS!



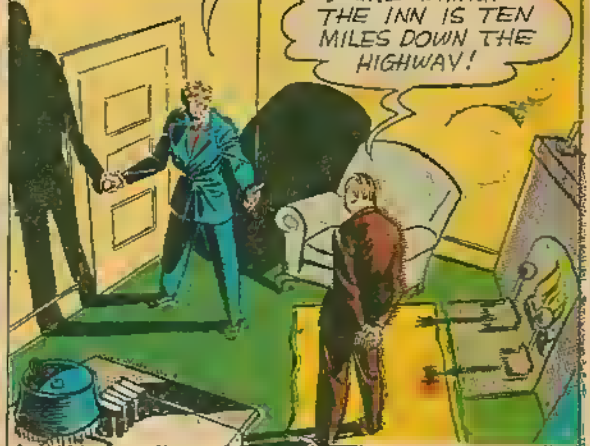
WHAT'S THE ANSWER, BRUCE? I LEFT THEM A SCANT THREE HOURS AGO!

THEY MIGHT HAVE FLOWN BACK TO TOWN IN THREE HOURS - BUT WHY COME UP HERE? AND THEN GO BACK?



WHY IS RIGHT! CAN I TAKE YOUR CAR TO FIND THIS CLIPPER INN?

SURE THING! THE INN IS TEN MILES DOWN THE HIGHWAY!



I HAVEN'T BEEN THERE - BUT IT'S BACK IN SOME PINES, ACROSS THE CAPE!

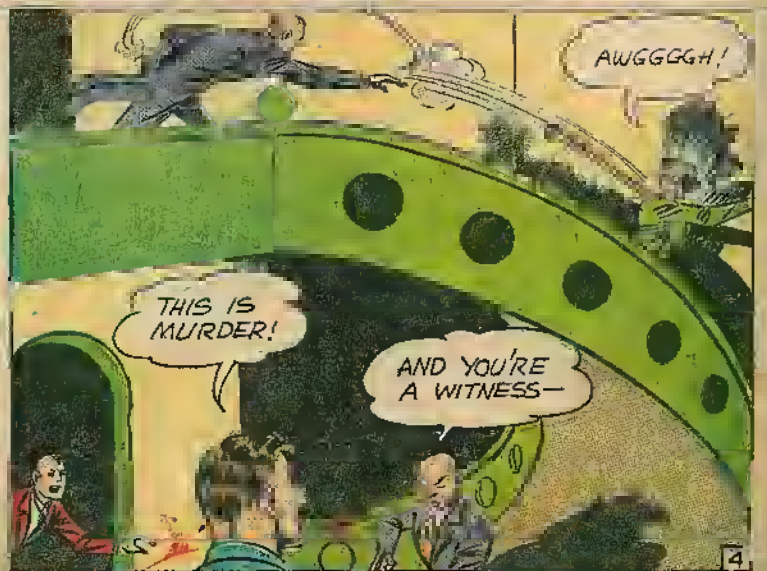
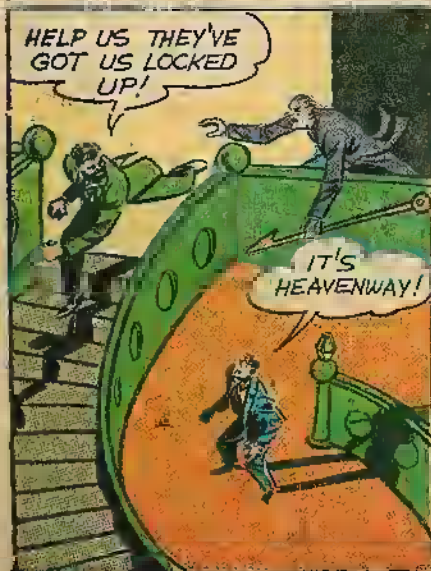
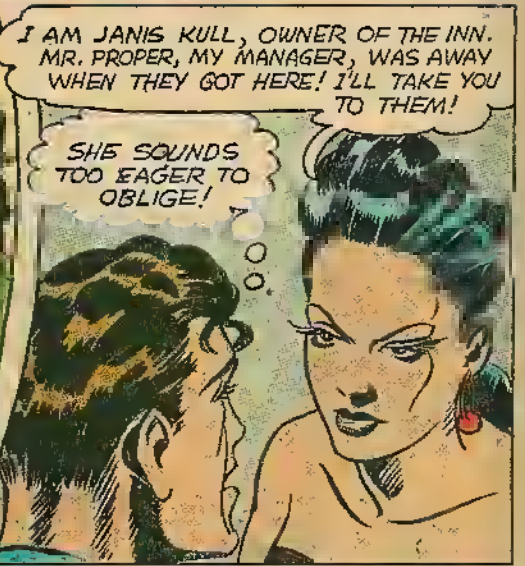
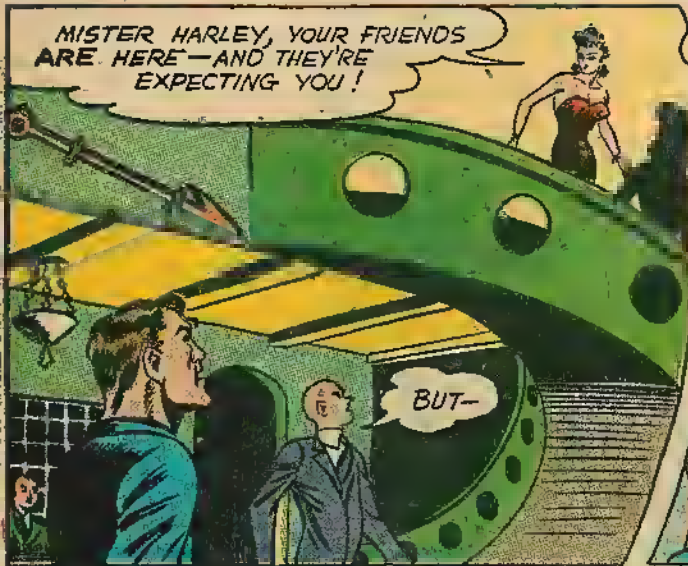
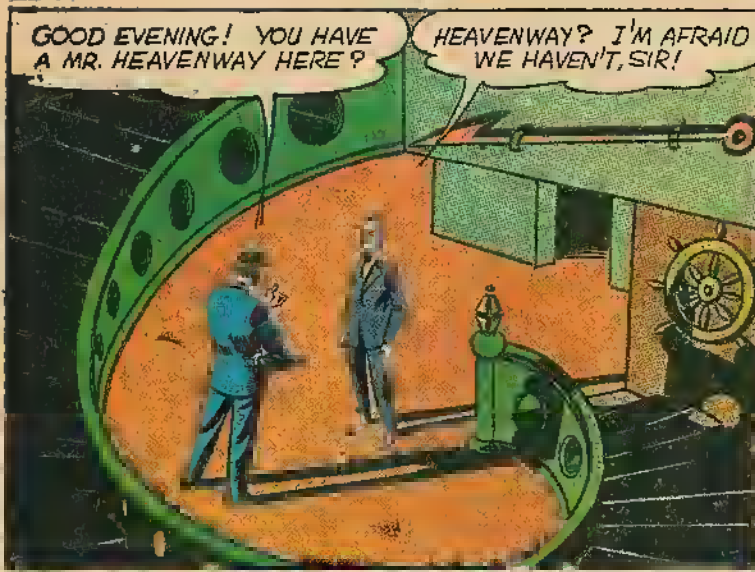
RIGHT!

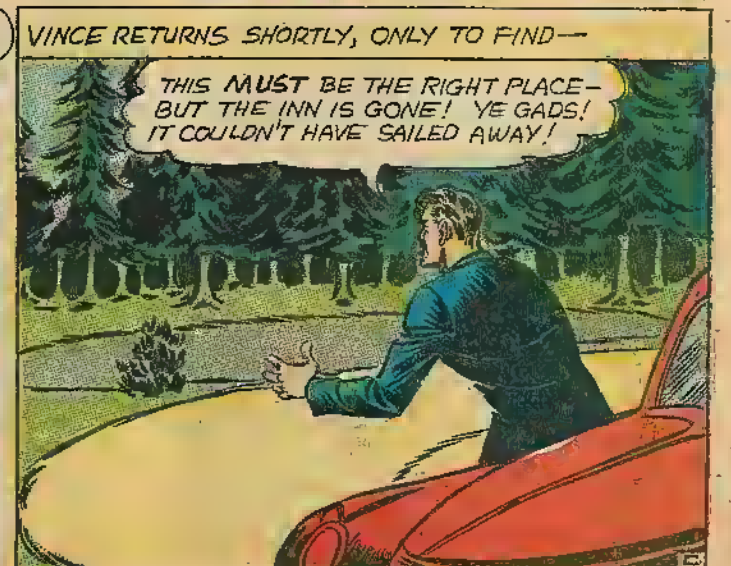
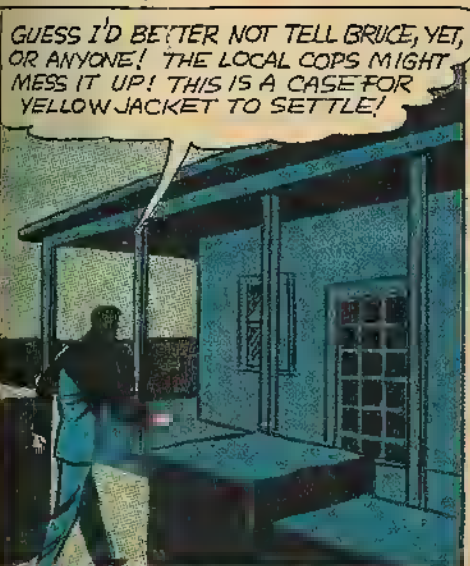
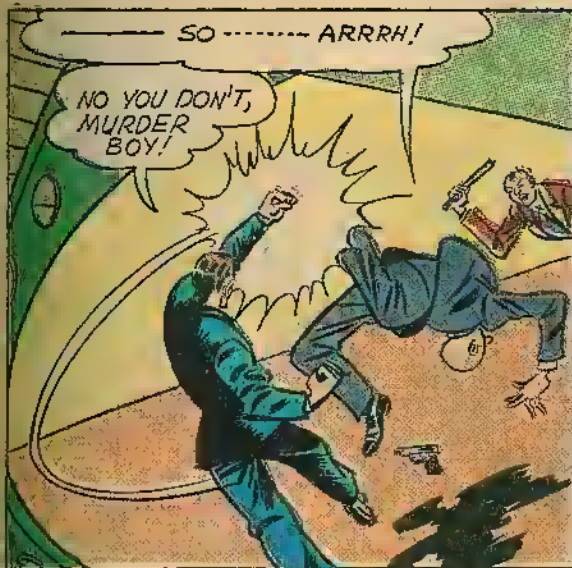


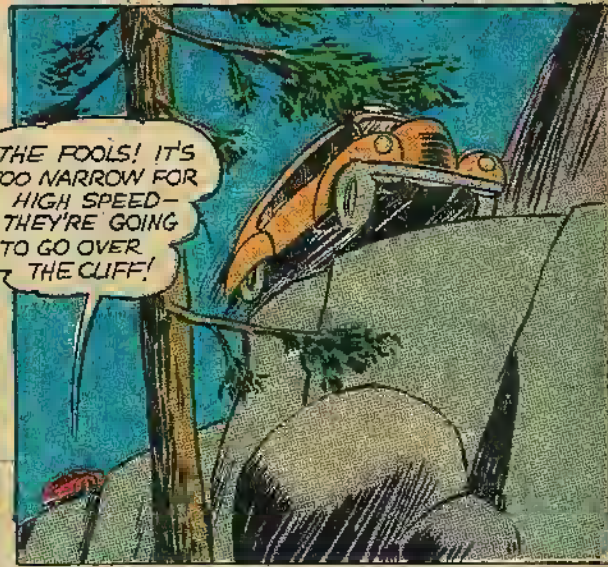
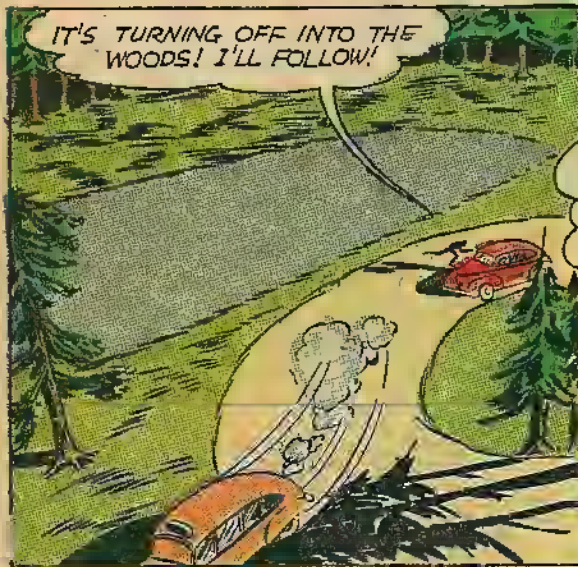
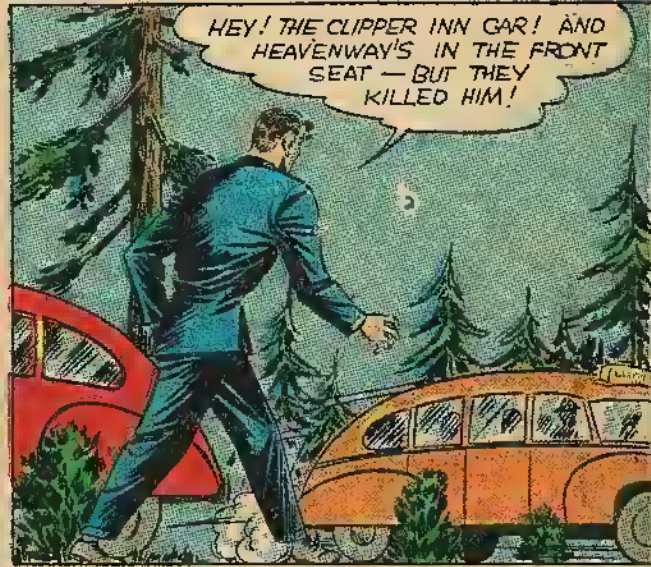
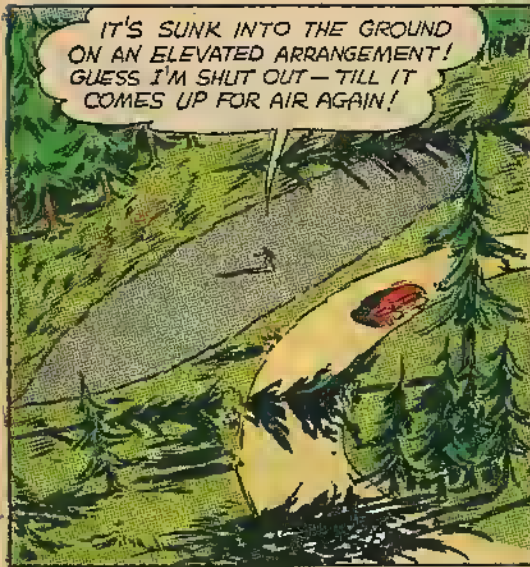
A FAST DRIVE - AND -

CLEVER IDEA - AN INN BUILT LIKE A SHIP! NOW TO SEE WHAT'S WHAT AND WHY!

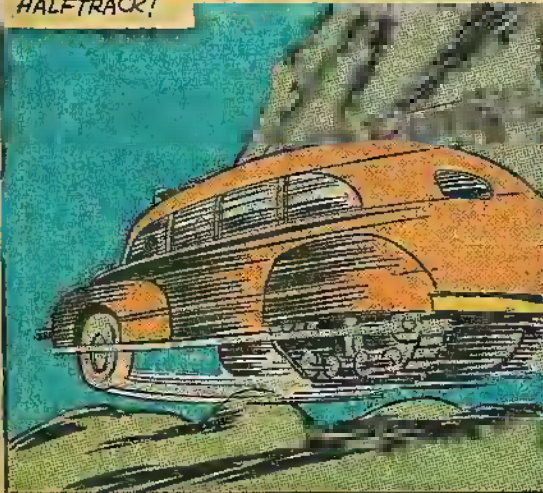




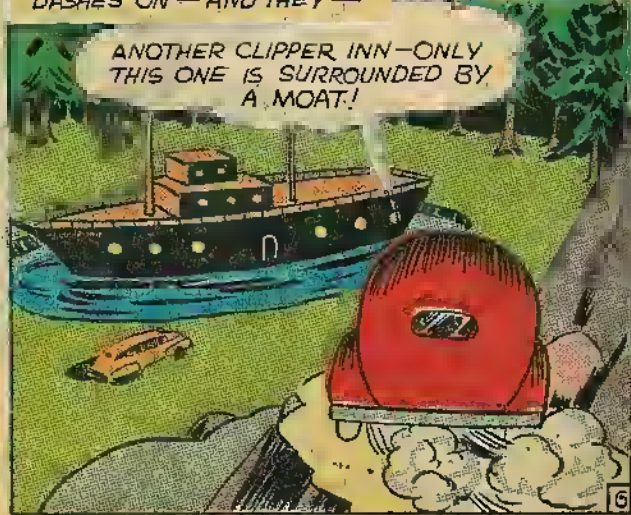




BUT A LEVER IS THROWN IN THE RACING CAR—AND THE VEHICLE BECOMES A STURDY HALFTRACK!



PRECIOUS MINUTES ARE LOST AS THE HALFTRACK DASHES ON—AND THEY—



IN AN INSTANT VINCE STRIPS TO HIS 'YELLOW-JACKET GARB, AND—

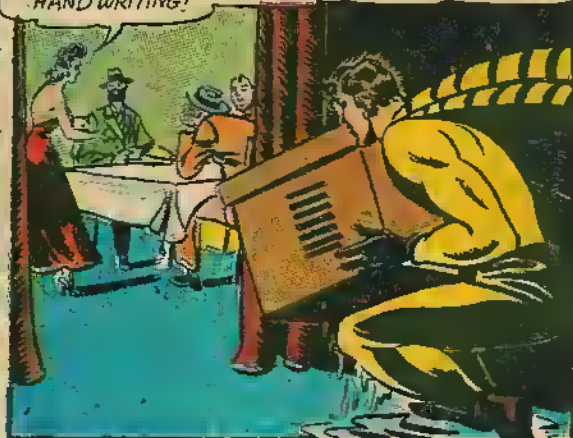
THERE MUST BE A WAY INTO THAT PLACE AND I'LL FIND IT!



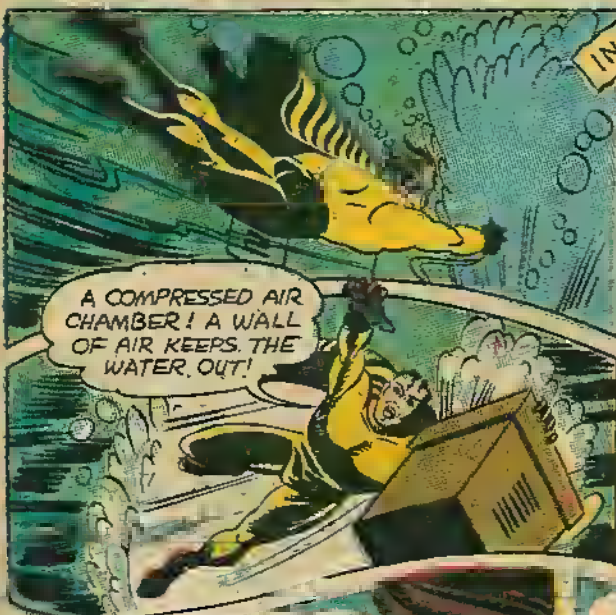
IT HAS TO BE UNDER THE WATER! LUCKILY THIS BOX IS WATER-PROOF!



INSIDE— I HAD TO WIRE YOU TO COME BACK! VINCE HARLEY SAW HEAVENWAY KILLED HERE LAST NIGHT—AND KNOWS HE COULDN'T BE ON THE AIR! YOU CAN LAY LOW TILL WE GET HARLEY—AND PRACTICE YOUR HAND WRITING!



A COMPRESSED AIR CHAMBER! A WALL OF AIR KEEPS THE WATER OUT!



YELLOW-JACKET!

FAKES—AND FORGERS! YOU WON'T NEED TO PRACTICE, YOU GHOULS!

HOW—UGGH!

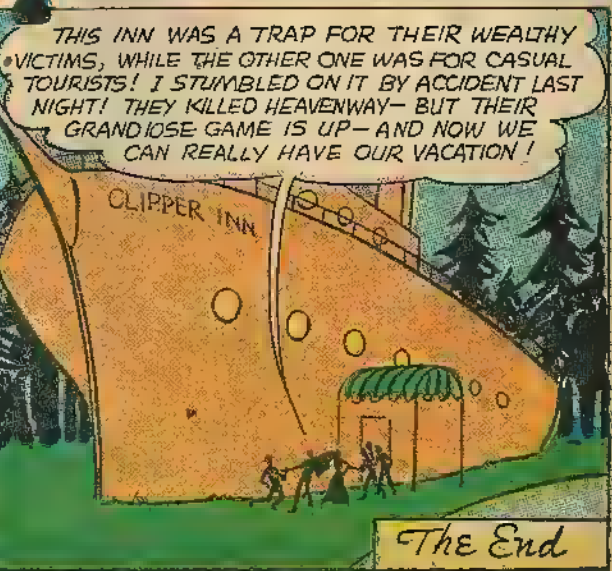
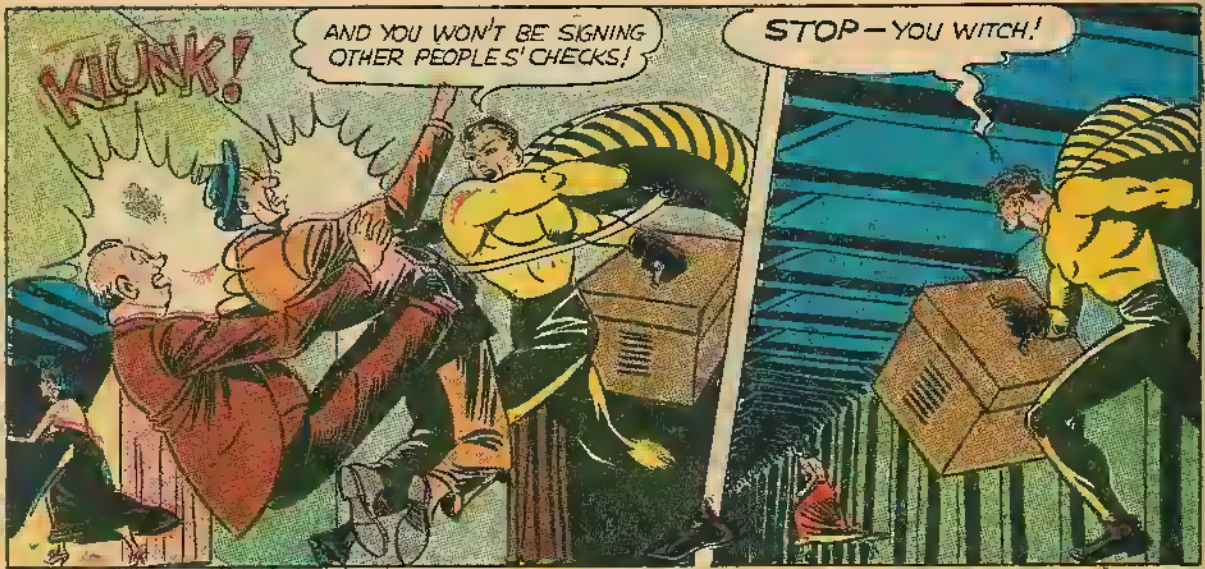


YOUR MASQUERADE IS OVER!

STOP HIM, YOU DOPES!

YOU—OOTCH!



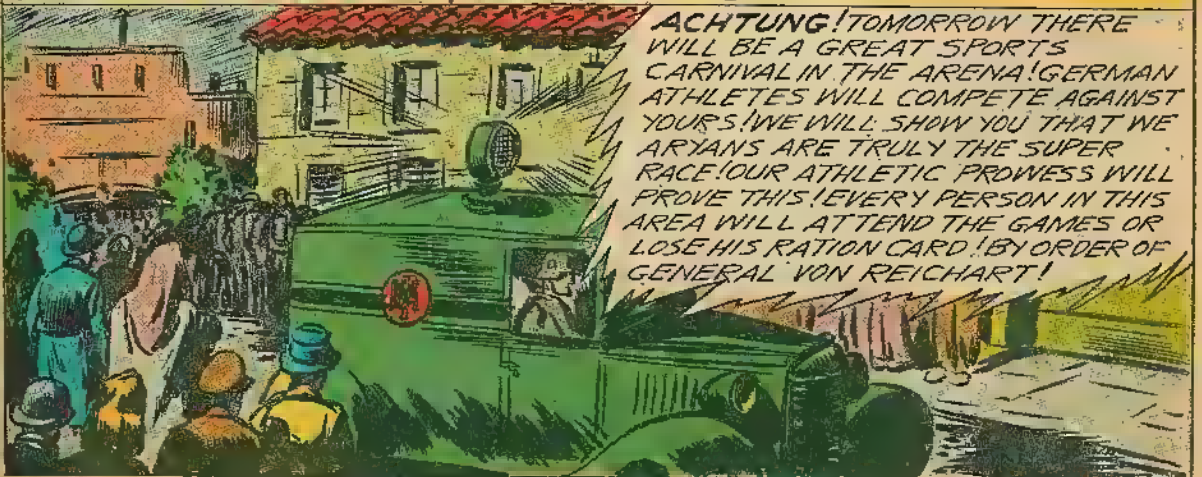


Diana the Huntress



"WE ARE SUPER-MEN"
THE NAZIS SHOUT! TO
IMPRESS THIS ON THE
ENSLAVED GREEKS, THEY
HOLD A MAMMOTH SPORTS
CARNIVAL. BUT THE GODS
OF OLYMPUS SHOW THE
GERMANS THAT THE
ONLY SUPER-MEN ARE
IMMORTALS!

ATHENS-CITY OF DEATH-WHERE HUNGER, DISEASE AND MURDER
STALK THE DEFEATED BUT UNCONQUERED PEOPLE!



ACHTUNG! TOMORROW THERE
WILL BE A GREAT SPORTS
CARNIVAL IN THE ARENA! GERMAN
ATHLETES WILL COMPETE AGAINST
YOURS! WE WILL SHOW YOU THAT WE
ARYANS ARE TRULY THE SUPER
RACE! OUR ATHLETIC PROWESS WILL
PROVE THIS! EVERY PERSON IN THIS
AREA WILL ATTEND THE GAMES OR
LOSE HIS RATION CARD! BY ORDER OF
GENERAL VON REICHT!

BUT A GERMAN OFFICER'S CLUB IN ATHENS--

MT. OLYMPUS, HOME OF THE IMMORTALS--

AN EXCELLENT IDEA, GENERAL!
WE SHALL IMPRESS THESE
GREEK SWINE!

HA-HA-HA-WHAT IS SO
FUNNY TO ME IS THAT THEY
HAVE NO ONE TO COMPETE
AGAINST US!

PERHAPS THEY MAY
FIND ONE WHO HAS
ENOUGH STRENGTH TO
ENTER! I DOUBT IT!

I HAVE AN IDEA!
WHY DON'T WE---

BIG NEWS! THE KRAUTS
ARE HAVING A SPORTS
FESTIVAL TOMORROW! YOU
KNOW, THE WORKS-TRACK-
DISCUS AND ALL THAT!
THEY WANT TO SHOW
THAT THEY ARE ALL
SUPERMEN!

SUPERMEN ARE THEY?
WELL, I LIKE THAT--!



GO TO EARTH AND ENTER
THE EVENTS? VERY WELL, MY
DAUGHTER, MERCURY--YOU WILL
BE OUR TRACK MAN, HERCULES.
YOU WILL ENTER THE DISCUS
THROW--DIANA AND I WILL
DISGUISE OURSELVES AND
SIT IN THE ARENA. WE
SHOULD HAVE A LOT OF
WORK TO DO!



THE NEXT MORNING--THE PEOPLE ARE HERDED
INTO THE ARENA---

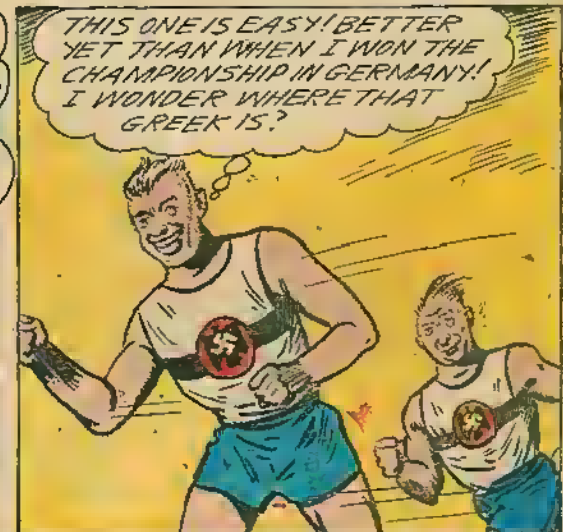
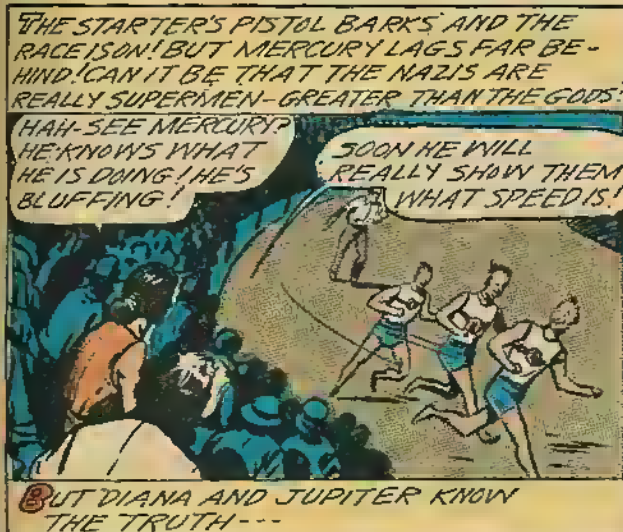
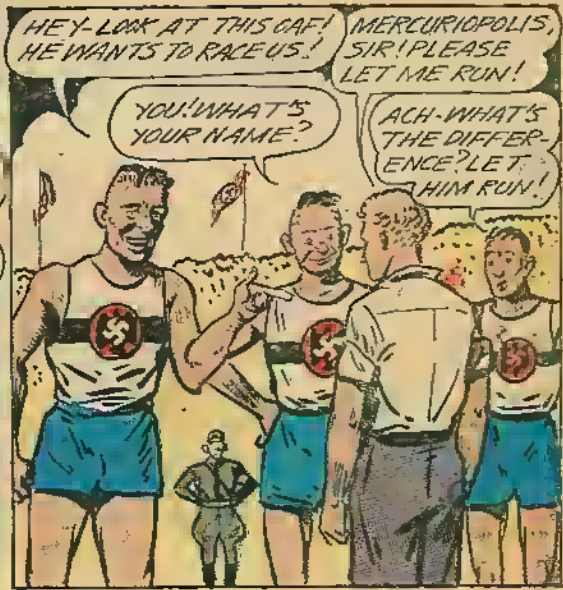
STOP PUSHING--
I'M GOING IN!

YOU'D BETTER
OR I'LL SPLIT
YOUR SKULL!

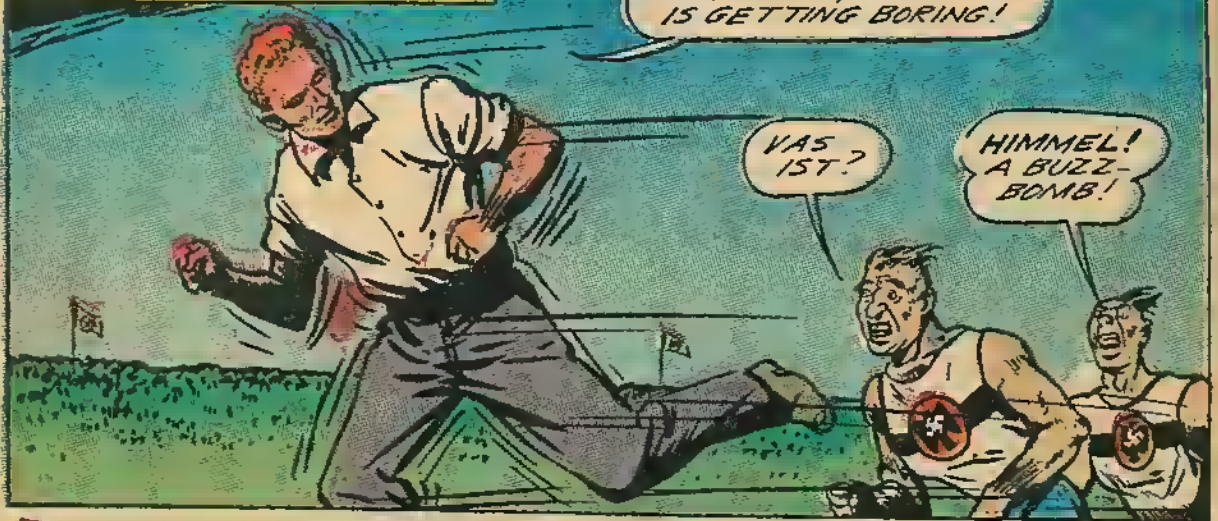
SOME DAY, SOMEHOW--
THEY'LL PAY FOR
EVERYTHING!

SHUT UP! KEEP
MOVING, YOU
SUB-HUMANS.





MERCURY BEARS DOWN---

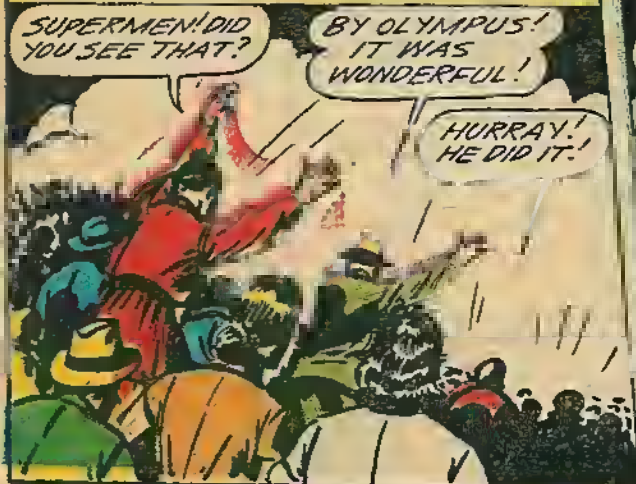


PARDON ME, BOYS! THIS IS GETTING BORING!

VAS IST?

HIMMEL! A BUZZ-BOMB!

THE UNKNOWN'S VICTORY BRINGS A TREMENDOUS OVATION FROM THE CROWD

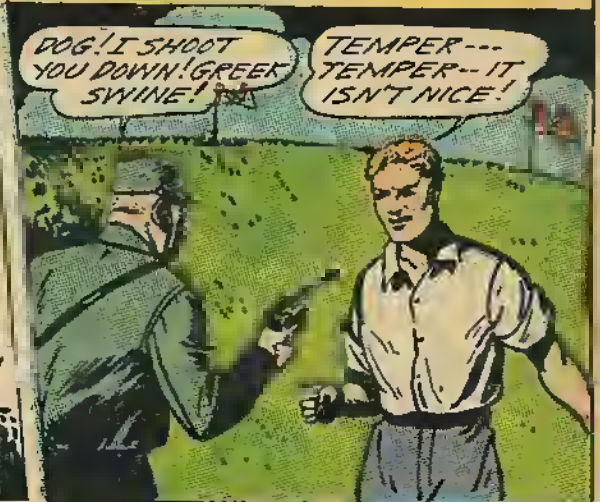


SUPERMEN! DID YOU SEE THAT?

BY OLYMPUS! IT WAS WONDERFUL!

HURRAY! HE DID IT!

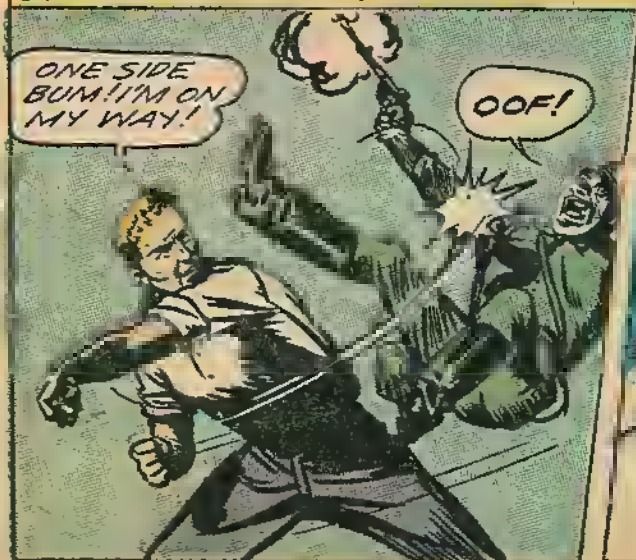
NAZI SPORTSMANSHIP---



DOG! I SHOOT YOU DOWN! GREEK SWINE!

TEMPER--- TEMPER-- IT ISN'T NICE!

WITH BLINDING SPEED MERCURY---



ONE SIDE BUM! I'M ON MY WAY!

OOF!

MERCURY HAS AN IMPORTANT MISSION TO PERFORM!



NOW TO GET TO THAT ALLIED AIR FIELD--WE'LL GIVE THOSE NAZIS SOMETHING TO GET ANGRY ABOUT!

MEANWHILE--

THE NEXT EVENT IS THE DISCUS THROW! I WONDER IF WE'LL HAVE SOMEONE TO ENTER IT?

LET'S SEE, YES THAT BIG FELLOW OVER THERE!



NO FUNNY STUFF, YOU! WE WILL WIN THIS EVENT!

I'LL GET SHOT, EH? PLEASE DON'T HURT ME--I'M A FAMILY MAN! THE UNDERGROUND MADE ME ENTER THIS! THEY THREATENED ME!

YES, WE WILL WIN--OR ELSE!

WE'RE THREATENING YOU TOO!



I GOT THE WINNING THROW SO FAR! WATCH YOURSELF!

PLEASE--I CAN'T THROW IT THAT FAR! I'LL JUST GO THROUGH MY TURN!



HERCULES THROWS!

OOPS--THAT SLIPPED!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

WOW! LOOK AT THAT THROW!



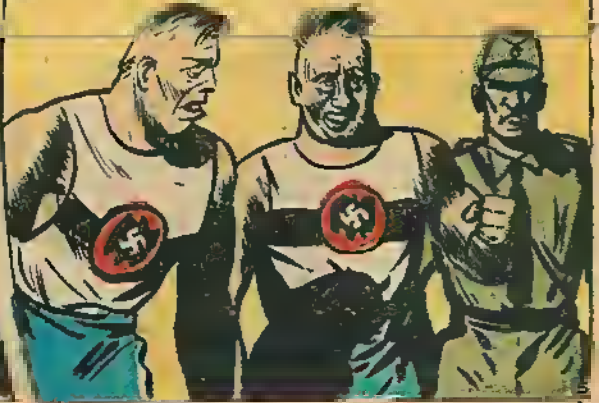
NOW, SUPERMEN, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT? YOU ARE NOT EVEN MEN--LET ALONE SUPERMEN! YOU ARE SNIVELING, CRINGING COWARDS!



HERMANN.. DID YOU HEAR HIM?

JA!

KILL HIM!





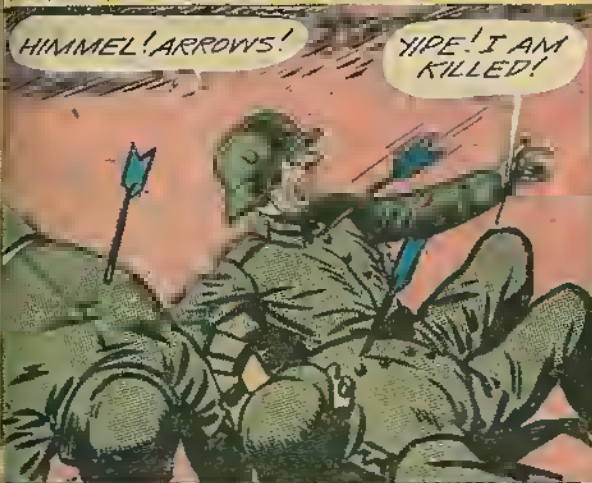
MEANWHILE-- HERCULES--



A GERMAN MACHINE GUN SQUAD GETS READY---



AGAIN AND AGAIN THE STREAM OF DEADLY MISSILES STRIKE HOME!



A PLATOON OF NAZIS PREPARES TO FIRE INTO THE CROWD---



DIANA AND JUPITER SEE WHAT IS HAPPENING ---



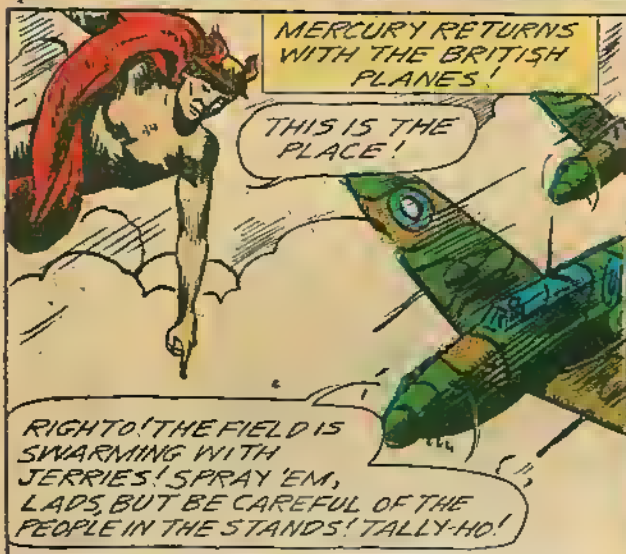
JUPITER STRIKES A BLOW AT THE ENEMY---



THE THUNDERBOLT CAUSES GREAT DAMAGE TO THE NAZIS!



MERCURY RETURNS WITH THE BRITISH PLANES!



RIGHTO! THE FIELD IS SWARMING WITH JERRIES! SPRAY 'EM, LADS, BUT BE CAREFUL OF THE PEOPLE IN THE STANDS! TALLY-HO!

UTTER ANNIHILATION FACES THE NAZIS--



DIANA'S SHARP EYE PICKS OUT THE NAZI LEADER VON REICHART, AND THEN--



THEIR WORK DONE, THE GODS RETURN TO THEIR IMMORTAL ABODE!



THE END

SHIPPED EXPRESS

LOOKING down from the ledge above the gorge, Joe High Eagle watched the man's body floating in the little pool, noticed the smashed barrel further down. It was all a little odd and Joe crouched down on his heels on the narrow ledge, and took time to study the scene. This was desolate country, territory lying upon either side of the U. S. boundary. It was impossible to reach either side by way of the gorge, unless one were thoroughly familiar with the secret paths cut into the face of the cliffs.

Night was deeping into purple shadows at the bottom of the gorge, through which the river boiled and roared. The cliffs high overhead, were touched by the sun, painting the tops with brilliant orange and crimson. A solitary star burned down, bright canary yellow against the endless blue of the night sky.

Joe High Eagle silently moved away along the path. Perhaps two miles back up the gorge, he paused and stared down upon still another odd scene.

Down there a man was working by the light of a fire. A barrel stood up-ended on the edge of the ledge before him, beyond which the river quickened, tearing into the rapids that ran for several miles into the States. The man was very careful about the weight he added to the barrel. Finally he picked up the end, which seemed to fit very snugly in place. He was very careful about it.

And Joe thought of the other two men, five miles or more down the gorge, waiting upon another ledge. They had a queer contrivance stretched across a comparatively calm stretch of water. Joe had studied that also, had seen them fish a barrel out of the water once. They were strange men, one of them with a twisted,

scarred, cruel face. Joe High Eagle hadn't liked them at all.

* * * * *

IT ALL fitted into a picture, a queer picture, Joe thought reflectively, his coffee-brown face wrinkling in thought. The men could be doing no good. Joe was firmly convinced of that, as he worked his way stealthily down to the bottom of the gorge, and approached the man working upon the barrel. He seemed satisfied with his job. He looked down at the barrel while wiping his hands, then turned for a moment to peer behind him. Slowly his attention returned to the barrel, his narrow face enlivened prominently by his jet black eyes. He walked to the edge of the gorge, stood peering into the darkness, listening. He came back, looked at his watch by the light of the fire, then turned to the barrel...

Joe High Eagle moved out of the shadows swiftly, silently. The rock in his hand made a soft chunk when he brought it down upon the head of the thin-faced man.

Carefully, Joe High Eagle removed the end from the barrel, noting that it fitted snugly, that the inside was carefully padded. It was larger than an ordinary barrel, and would comfortably accommodate a man, even an overly large man. Joe emptied the contents, turned and picked the man up from the ground. It required a little maneuvering, but eventually Joe got his victim into the barrel, fitted the end into place and secured it, then applied the thick substance the man had had warming over the fire. With the cracks carefully sealed, Joe rolled the barrel to the edge of the water, stood thinking a moment about the swift, bumpy passage down through the gorge to where the men had the net-like

contrivance stretched across. With a slim grin, Joe rolled the barrel off into the water.

* * * * *

TURNING, he flitted up the narrow, hidden trail and along it high above the gorge. It was impossible to keep the barrel in sight, would have been impossible even had it been daylight, that precious margin of the day when the sun shone down the walls and touched the slim finger of the river, winding like a thread of silver down the gorge. But Joe knew that if he hustled, he could reach the ledge above the river down the canyon, where the other two men waited. Could be there in time for the big ceremonial. . . .

Joe's feet carried him lightly through the night, never for a second missing his footing. It would have been the end if he had missed, for the drop to the bottom was more than any human being could survive. But Joe sped unerringly forward through the night, at last reaching sight of the tiny fire on the shelf, jutting out to the edge of the river.

The two men were just hauling the barrel out onto the ledge, and as Joe reached his niche high above them, they were rolling it over nearer the fire, were examining the ends, turning it upright. They started to work removing the end. They had it off and were peering in—

One of them stumbled back with a yelp of fear, turning furtively to peer into the darkness surrounding them. The other looked into the barrel once more, turned it over and emptied the legs of the man out into the open, grasped them and pulled the man out.

He was, Joe saw with a faint grin of satisfaction, still unconscious. The other two stared down at the sprawled figure on the ground, and as Joe watched, his mind was piecing the queer picture together, drawing up an explanation that seemed to fit.

These men were smugglers. They had worked out this scheme to smuggle someone across the line. It could be enemy agents, or even escaped prisoners. Of course they would be paid somehow—

* * * * *

JOE REMEMBERED the dead man in the little pool further up the gorge, the smashed barrel. Evidently that had been an early experiment. Perhaps they had tried it with a companion or, what was more likely, with some innocent victim, or perhaps someone they had even tried unsuccessfully to smuggle across the boundary.

It had ended badly, with the barrel smashing itself on its way through the gorge, killing its

human occupant. Evidently it had worried the three men little, for they were still experimenting, had evidently perfected what they considered the right medium for the job. It had come through this time, carrying one of their own gang inside.

Joe High Eagle watched the men. They were staring at the man on the ground, who hadn't moved, but lay there, his body twisted a little, his ugly face turned away from the fire light.

Suddenly one of the men whirled, started to dash desperately toward the dark—

Joe High Eagle's hand moved swiftly, adjusting the bow-string to the bow, fitting an arrow. He drew it back, released it and with a faint twang the arrow was gone.

And down on the little plateau, the man staggered and slumped forward to his face. From his side protruded the arrow!

* * * * *

HIS companion stared down, his ugly face contorted by fear and anger. He turned swiftly, one hand unleashing the revolver from beneath his coat. He peered defiantly into the dark, then turned suddenly and plunged recklessly away into the dark, disappearing toward the narrow path leading up to the lip of the gorge, high above.

And Joe High Eagle fitted another arrow to his bow and waited, a faint smile upon his calm face. His keen eyes were turned upward, where he knew the trail would come out—

Joe's steady hand drew the arrow back, bending the bow to its utmost. The figure of the escaping man was silhouetted against the deepening sky. Joe released the arrow.

For just a moment the man was staring back and down. And then he lurched, clutched at his breast where a thin shaft protruded. He stumbled, his knees gave slowly and he slid forward to his face.

Joe High Eagle made his way into the gorge. Carefully he secured the one unconscious man, then turned into the darkness and started up the trail to the top. A smile touched his lips.

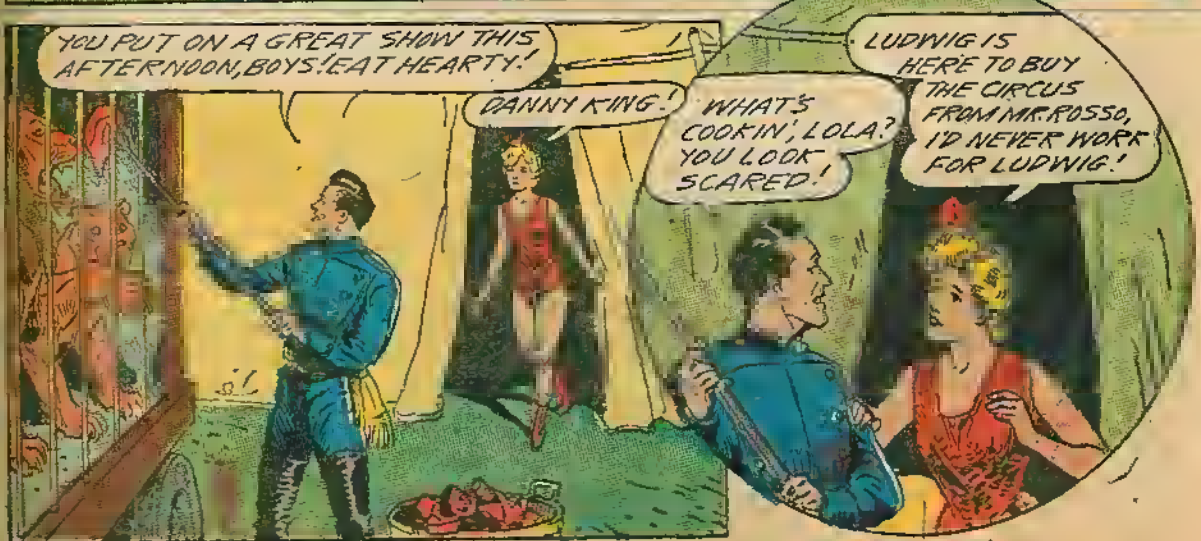
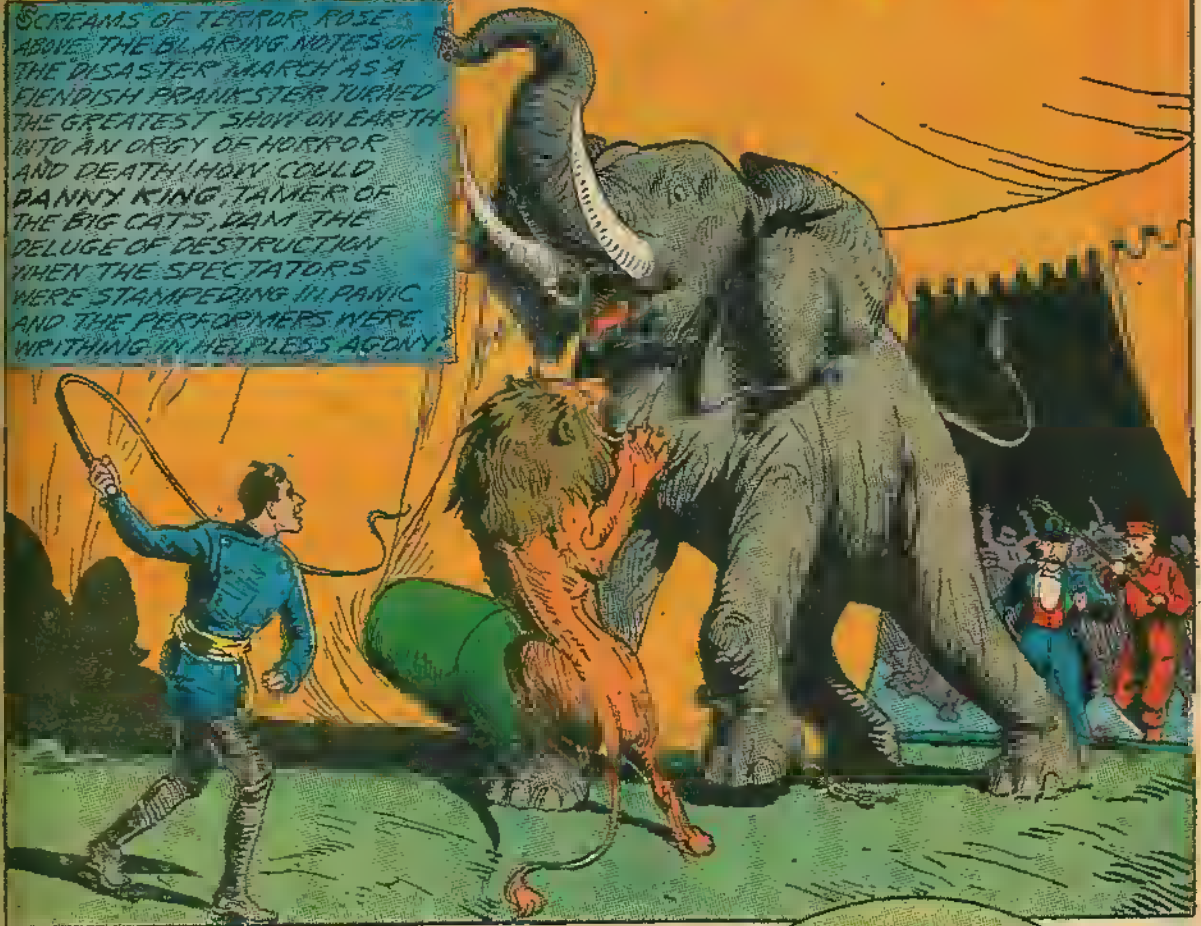
For Joe Lone Eagle was fighting across the sea. And Joe High Eagle grunted, as he padded through the darkness toward the village where the sheriff had his office.

For Joe High Eagle felt sorry for Joe Lone Eagle. If only he'd been allowed to take his bow and arrows along when he went to fight in the army, he'd have been a much finer fighter. Much finer.

THE END

KING of The BEASTS

SCREAMS OF TERROR ROSE ABOVE THE BLARING NOTES OF THE DISASTER MARCH AS A FIENDISH PRANK-STER TURNED THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH INTO AN ORGY OF HORROR AND DEATH! HOW COULD DANNY KING, TAMER OF THE BIG CATS, DAM THE DELUGE OF DESTRUCTION WHEN THE SPECTATORS WERE STAMPEDING IN PANIC AND THE PERFORMERS WERE WRITHING IN HELPLESS AGONY?



YOU PUT ON A GREAT SHOW THIS AFTERNOON, BOYS! EAT HEARTY!

DANNY KING!

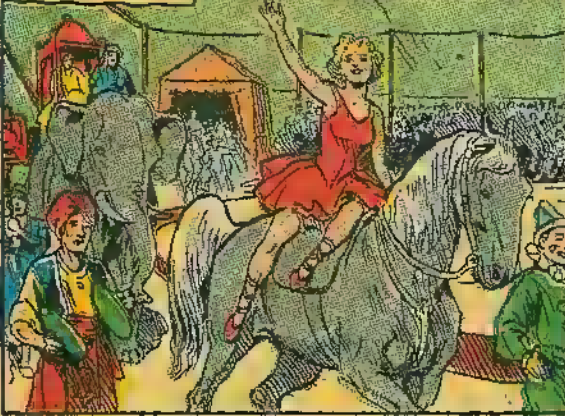
WHAT'S COOKIN', LOLA? YOU LOOK SCARED!

LUDWIG IS HERE TO BUY THE CIRCUS FROM MR. ROSSO, I'D NEVER WORK FOR LUDWIG!

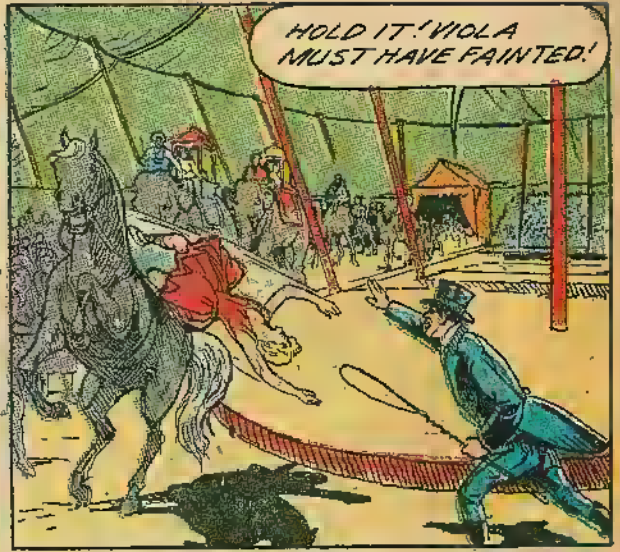




BUT DESPITE THE GROWING THREAT, IN TRUE CIRCUS TRADITION, THE SHOW MUST GO ON! WITH A FANFARE OF TRUMPETS, THE GRAND MARCH BEGINS ---

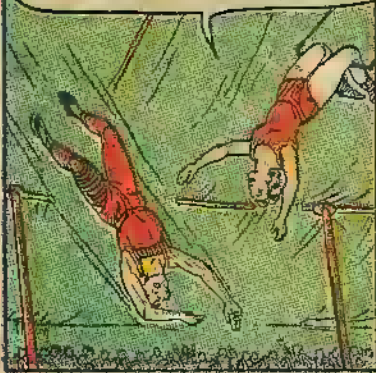


HOLD IT! VIOLA MUST HAVE FAINTED!



BUT SOON, ANOTHER PERFORMER FALLS PREY TO A SUDDEN FAINT.

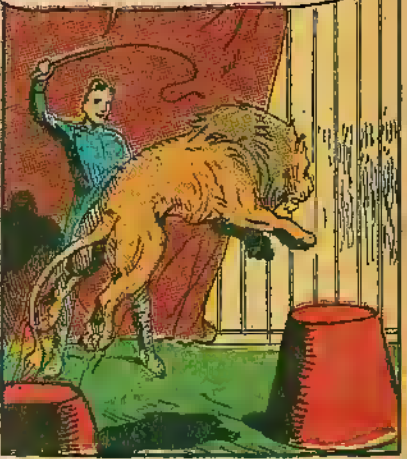
MARIO! MARIO! HE PASSED OUT AND THERE'S NO SAFETY NET!



MY ACT WILL DRAW THE SPECTATOR'S EYES WHILE THEY'RE TAKING AWAY THE BODY!



THE OLD PAW IS BETTER, EH, SAHARA? YOU MAY NEED IT BEFORE THE SHOW IS OVER!

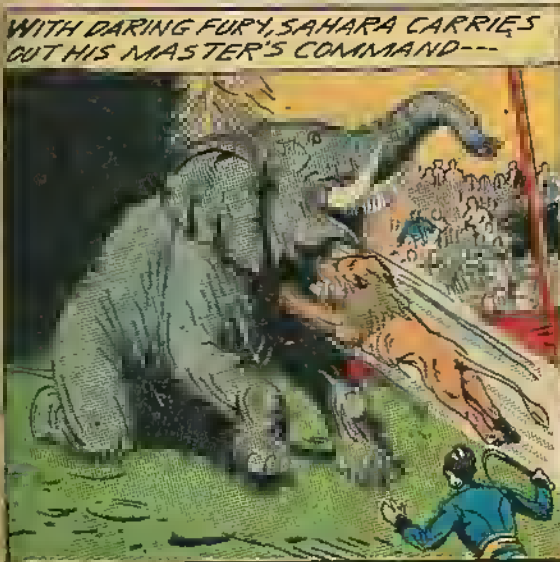
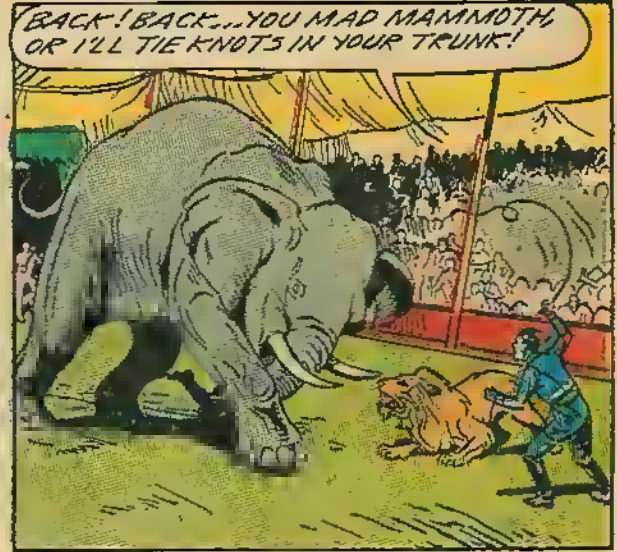
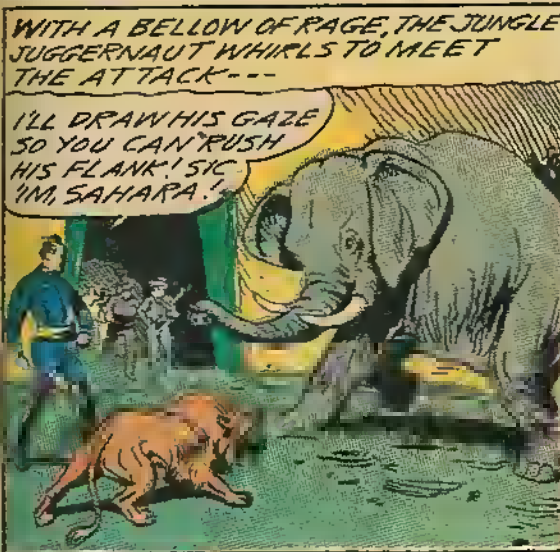
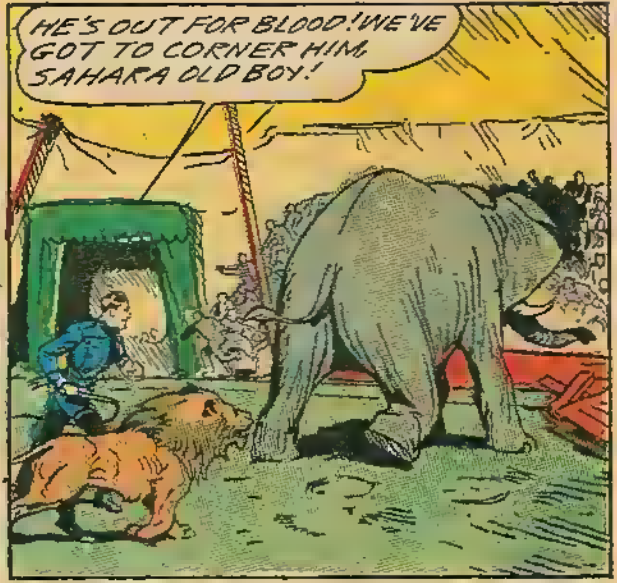


TENT POLE CRASHING! WHAT---? GOOD GRIEF! CONGO, THE WILD BULL ELEPHANT IS LOOSE!

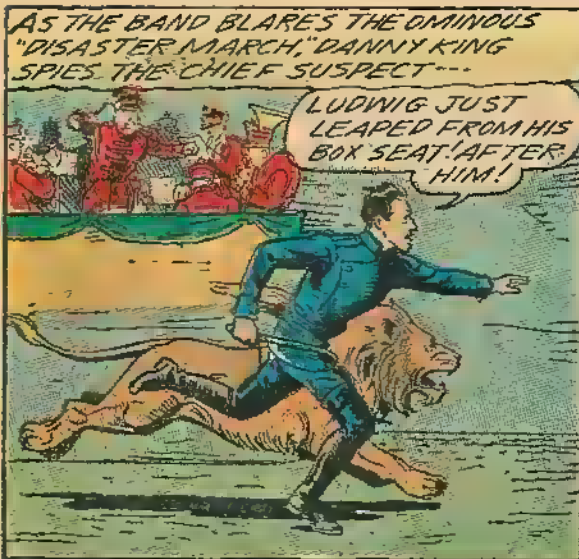


LET'S GO SAHARA! IF CONGO CHARGES THE GRANDSTAND, HUNDREDS WILL DIE IN A MAD DASH FOR THE EXITS!





YELLOWJACKET COMICS



HARBOR LIGHTS

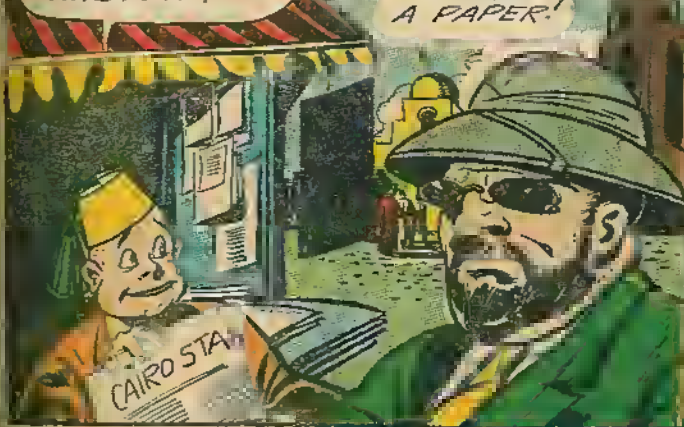
FROM THE FAR FLUNG HAUNTS OF EGYPTIAN KINGS LONG DEAD, COMES A CURSE TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY; WEAVING A WEB OF INCALCULABLE FEAR AND HORROR AND EXPOSING---"THE CURSE OF PRINCE TAROUK!"



CAIRO, EGYPT--THE SUMMER OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY EIGHT---

CAIRO STANDARD, MISTER?

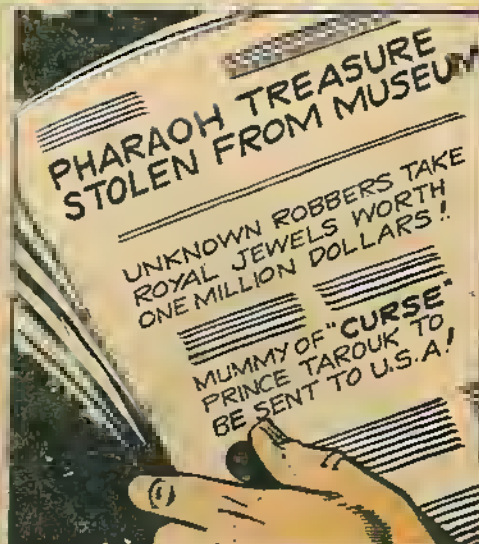
YES, SON! I'LL TAKE A PAPER!



PHARAOH TREASURE
STOLEN FROM MUSEUM

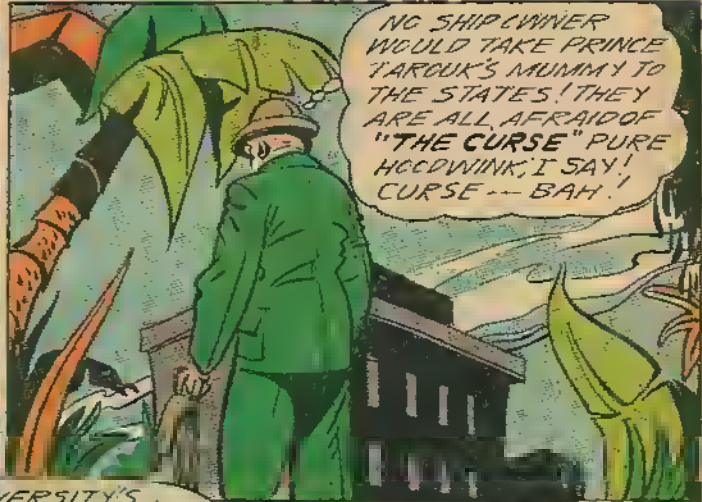
UNKNOWN ROBBERS TAKE
ROYAL JEWELS WORTH
ONE MILLION DOLLARS!

MUMMY OF "CURSE"
PRINCE TAROUK TO
BE SENT TO U.S.A!





MY WORD!
THAT WAS A
SPECTACULAR
ROBBERY! BUT
I STILL
HAVE MY
PROBLEMS!



NO SHIP OWNER
WOULD TAKE PRINCE
TAROUK'S MUMMY TO
THE STATES! THEY
ARE ALL AFRAID OF
"THE CURSE" PURE
HOOOWINK! I SAY!
CURSE--- BAH!

IN THE MUSEUM'S
CURATOR'S OFFICE---

AH, PROFESSOR
LANTON! GOOD NEWS
FOR YOU! THIS IS MR.
LESLIE BRANDON,
EGYPTIAN HISTORY
TEACHER OF CORNELL!

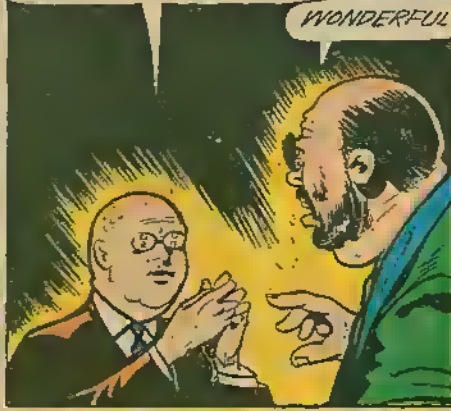
MY UNIVERSITY'S
INTEREST IN PRINCE
TAROUK'S MUMMY IS
QUITE VIVID! THROUGH
THEIR INTERCESSION, I
HAVE FOUND MEANS TO
TRANSPORT THE MUMMY
BACK TO AMERICA!

HAVE THE
MUMMY'S CRATE
SENT TO THE S.S.
RAMESES, IN THE
HARBOR! I'LL BE
WITH IT UNTIL
AMERICA IS
REACHED!

VERY GOOD!
I WILL TAKE
THE CLIPPER
AND MEET
YOU IN NEW
YORK!



HOW DO
YOU DO?



WONDERFUL!



SOMETIME LATER, ABOARD THE S.S. RAMESES.

BRANDON! I
DUNNO WHETHER I
LIKE THE IDEA OF
CARRYIN' THAT
ACCURSED MUMMY
ON MY SHIP!

FOR THREE
THOUSAND DOLLARS
YOU SHOULD,
CAPTAIN LARK!



HMM! GUESS I
SHOULD! I
JUS' DON'T LIKE
THE "CURSE"
ATTACHED TO
THAT EGYPTIAN
STIFF!

DON'T WORRY!
TAROUK'S
BEEN DEAD FOR
TEN THOUSAND
YEARS!



SUNSHINE THAT DAY, FINDS THE S.S. RAMESES HEADED FOR AMERICA--



TWO DAYS OUT---

DANGER! GO BELOW AND TEST THE AUXILIARY PUMP IN HOLD THREE!

AYE, AYE, SIR!



HEY! THE MUMMY'S IN THIS HOLD! WONDER HOW MUCH TRUTH IN THAT BUSINESS ABOUT THE CURSE?



JUS' A LOT OF BILGE TALK, THAT'S ALL!



YAAAAHHH! IT'S ON FIRE! THE SPOOK'S ON FIRE!!!



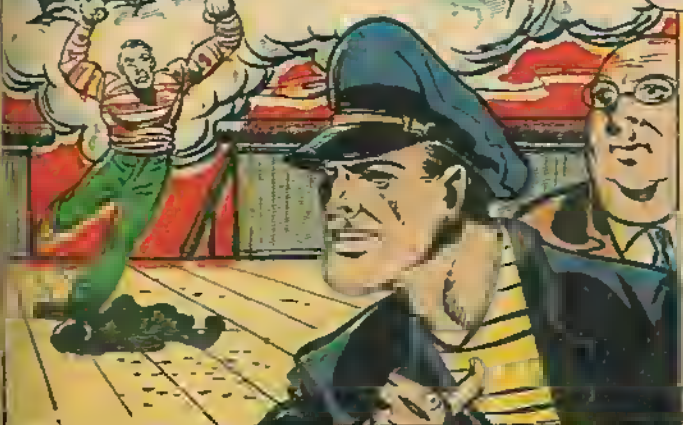
CAPTAIN--TH-TH' MUMMY'S ALIVE! IT'S ON FIRE!

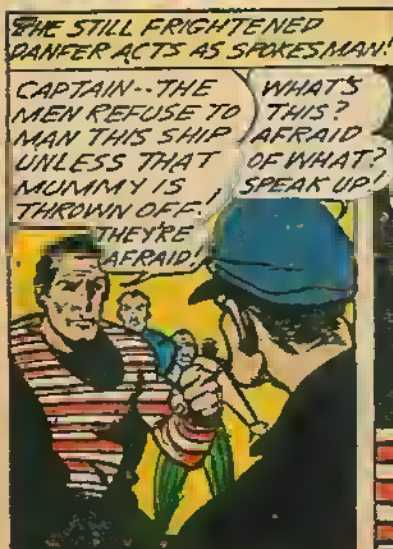
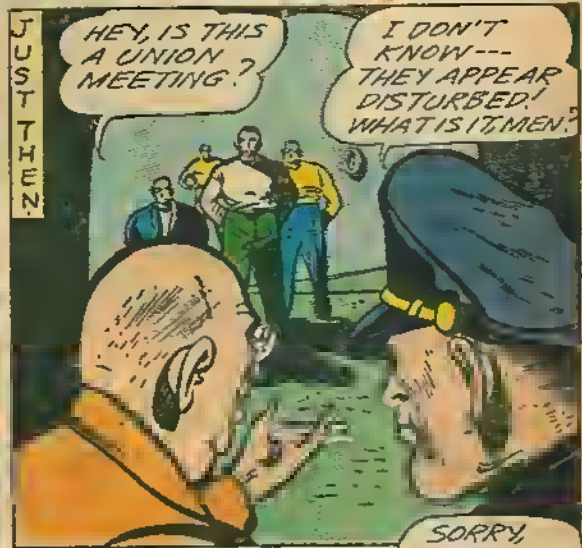
HUH? MAN... WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

I SWEAR--I SAW THAT CRATE GLOW LIKE AN ELECTRIC BULB!

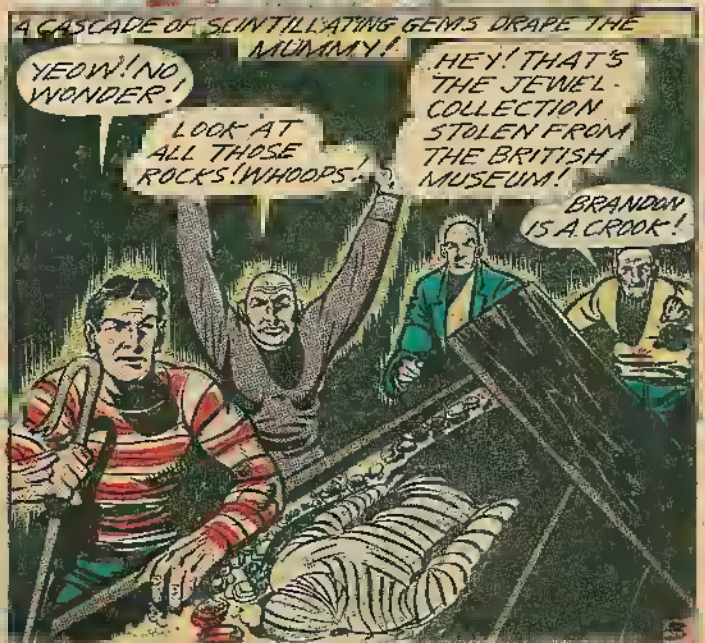
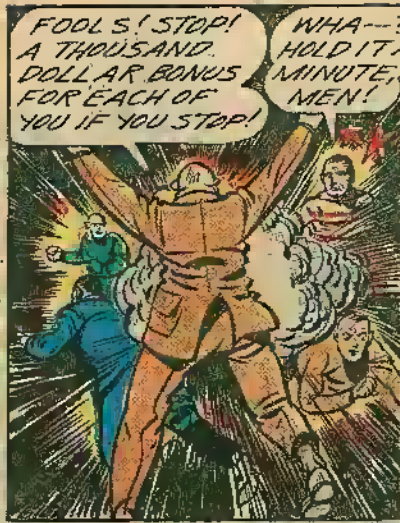
WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT ABOUT?

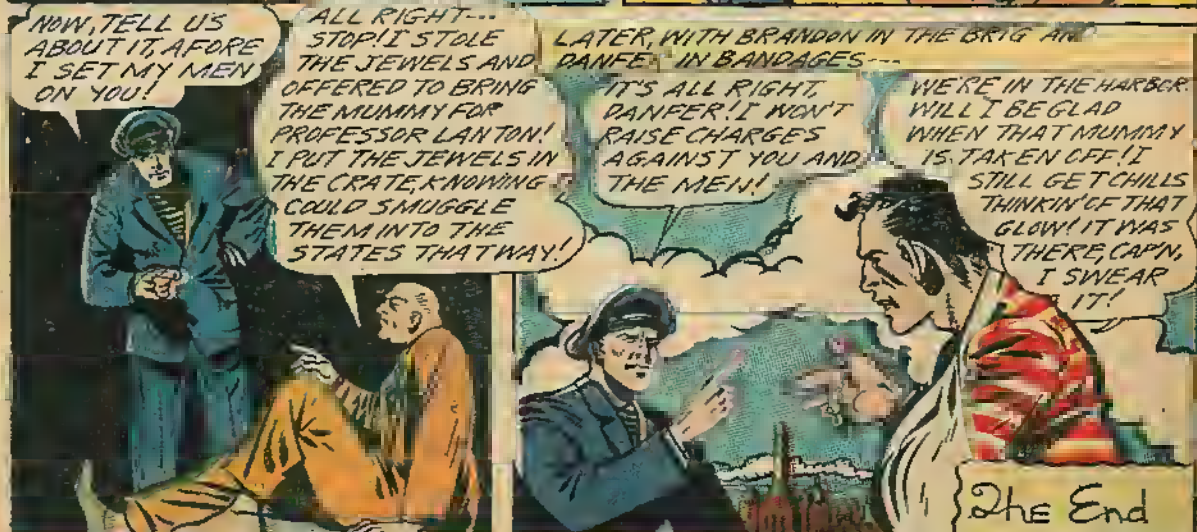
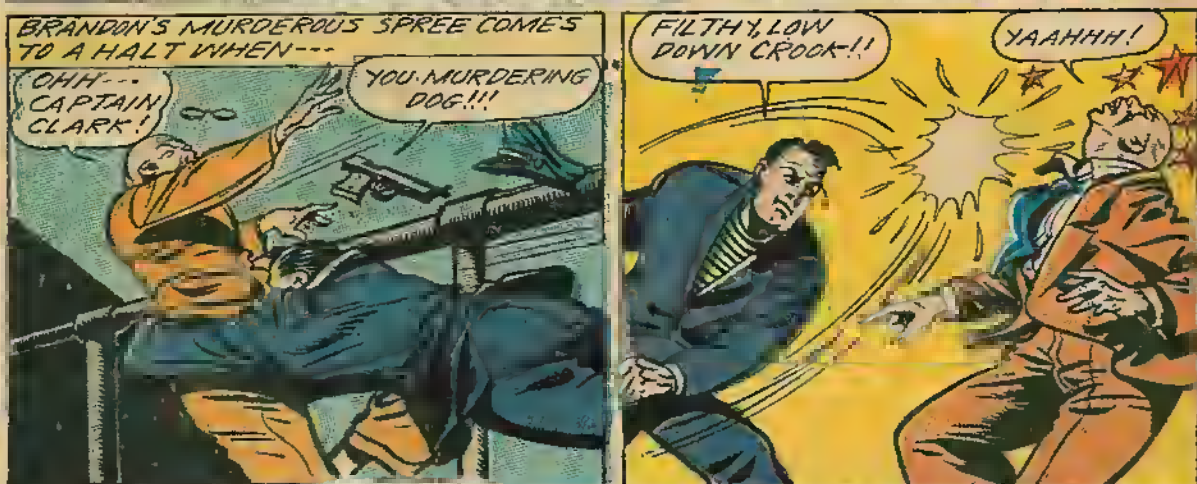
IT'S THAT CURSED MUMMY OF YOURS! C'MON! WE'RE GOING BELOW!





YELLOWJACKET COMICS





FILIPINO KID



JAP TREACHERY, AND THE SNEAKY, COWARD'S STAB IN THE BACK AT PEARL HARBOR, GAINED THE NIPPONESE A HOLLOW VICTORY IN THE PHILIPPINES...A VICTORY WHICH BECOMES SHAKIER AS UNCLE SAM'S SOLDIERS AND SAILORS RACE FROM ISLAND TO ISLAND IN THEIR LIBERATION OF THE PACIFIC!----- BUT EVEN WHILE THEY AWAIT THEIR DOOM, THE JAPS CAN FIND NO PEACE IN THE PHILIPPINES, FOR HEROIC BANDS OF FILIPINO PATRIOTS PLAGUE THEM NIGHT AND DAY!!!

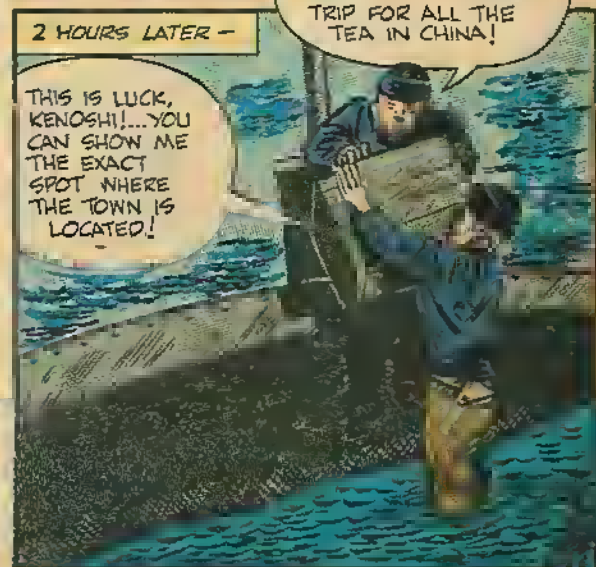
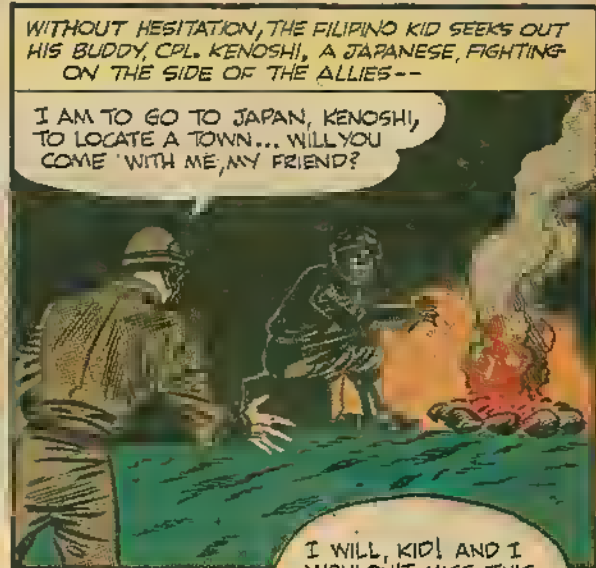
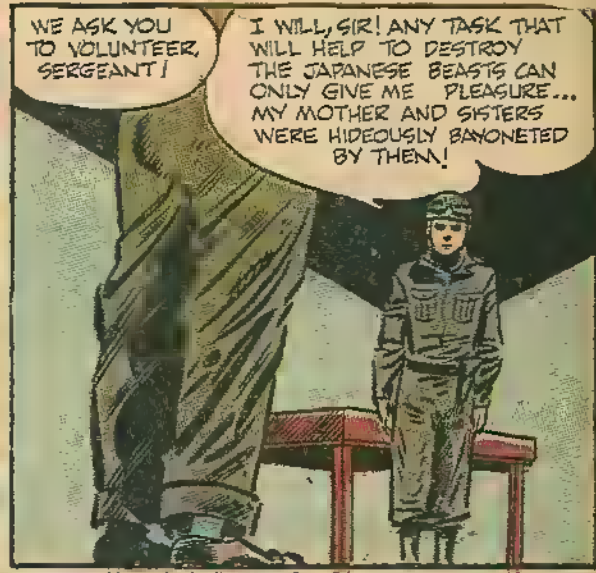
HEADQUARTERS OF AN AMERICAN FIELD UNIT WORKING WITH ONE OF THE FILIPINO OUTFITS...

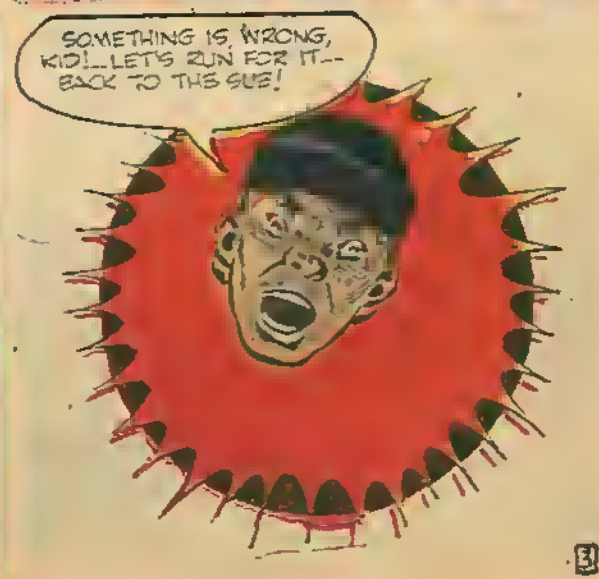
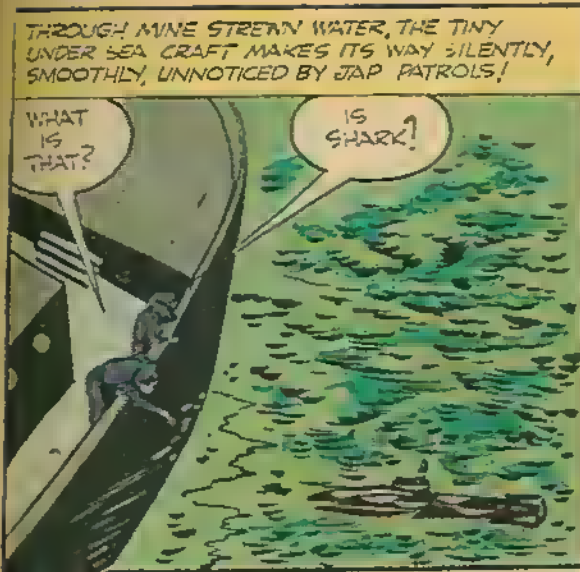
CAPT. FISKE SPEAKING.....YOU SAY THE LAST RAID BY OUR B-29'S FAILED TO FIND THE FUGIYASHI STEEL WORKS....WE'LL DO WHAT WE CAN, SIR!

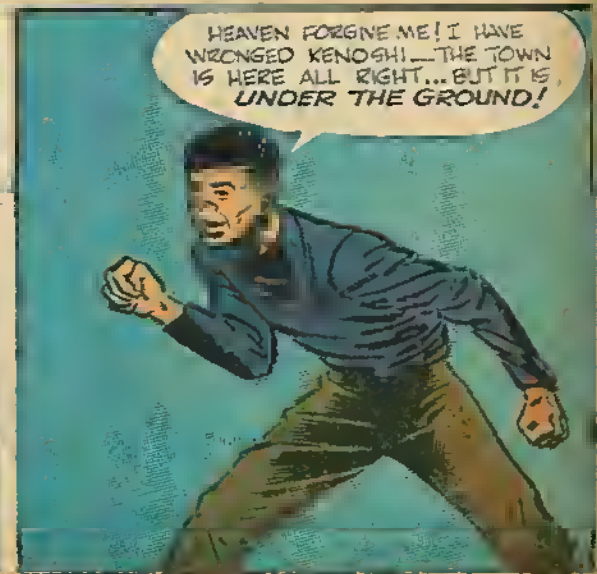
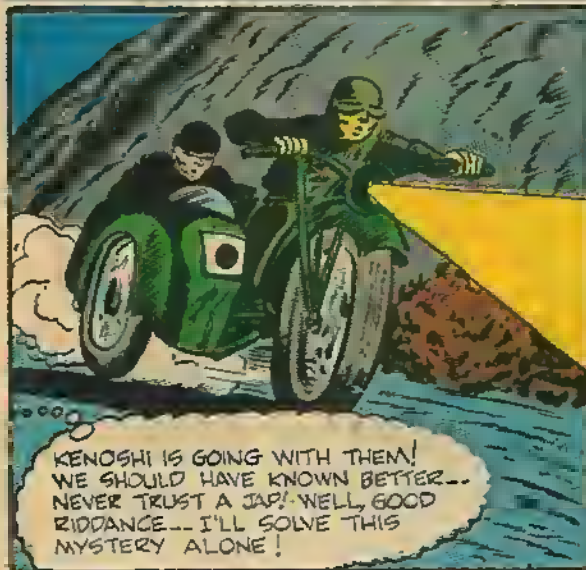
CAN YOU SUGGEST ANY ONE FOR A HAZARDOUS JOURNEY TO JAPAN TO LOCATE THE FUGIYASHI STEEL WORKS?

IT IS RISKY INDEED.... BUT I KNOW THE RIGHT MAN FOR IT--
THE FILIPINO KID!

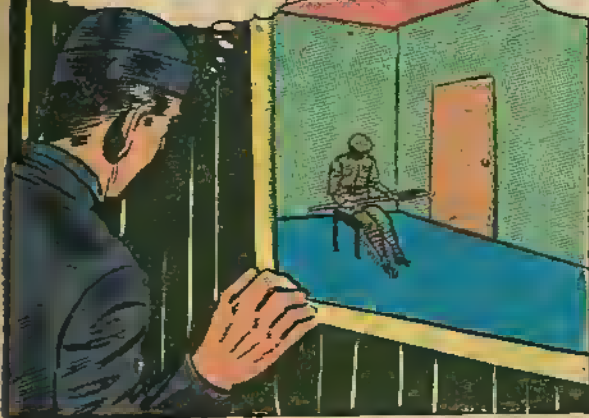








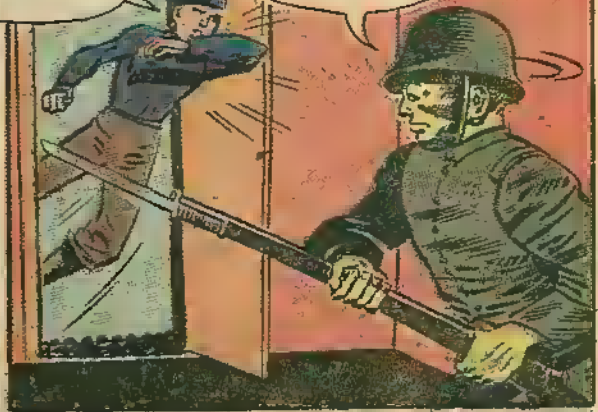
THAT DOOR IN THERE MUST
LEAD DOWN INTO THE CITY!
I MUST INVESTIGATE THE
STEEL WORKS AND RESCUE
KENOSHI!



THE FILIPINO KID BURSTS INTO THE FAKE
FARMHOUSE WHERE A SOLDIER IS ON GUARD—

MAKE WAY,
BARBARIAN!

PIG! I WILL
STICK YOU!



HAVE A NICE VIEW
OF SOME
HONORABLE
STARS!

OUCHIYAMA!

DISGUISED IN
THIS KIMONO, I
WILL DESCEND
INTO THE
UNDERGROUND
CITY!



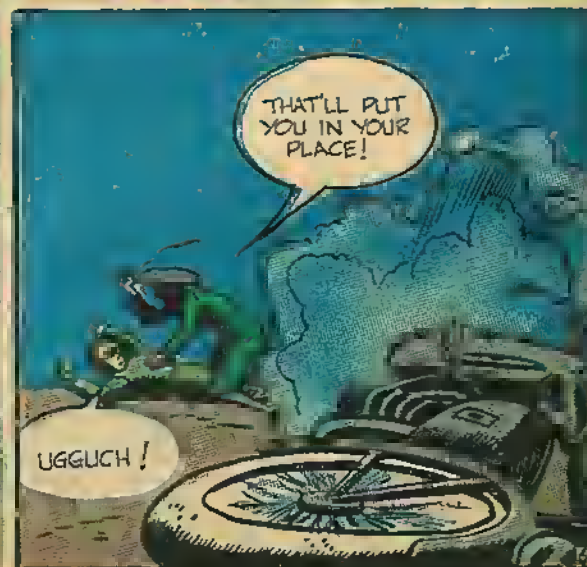
THE KID GOES DOWN THE STAIRS INSIDE THE
FARMHOUSE AND SEES A STARTLING SIGHT—

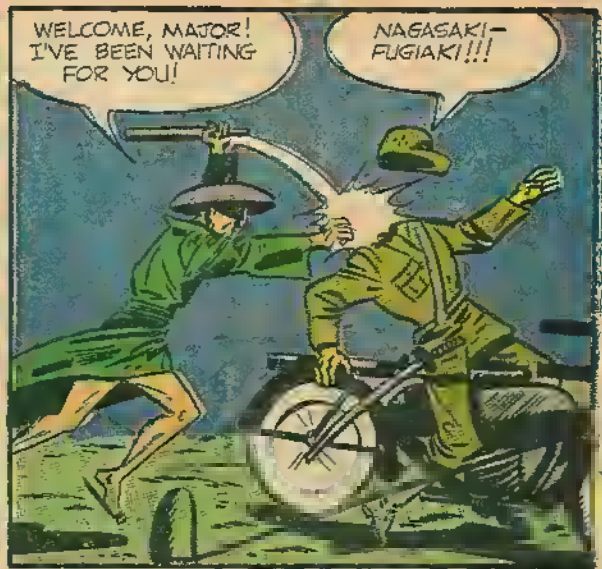
IT'S BIGGER THAN WE BELIEVED
IT TO BE—THEY HAVE REBUILT IT
INTO THE GREATEST STEEL
PRODUCTION CENTER IN JAPAN!

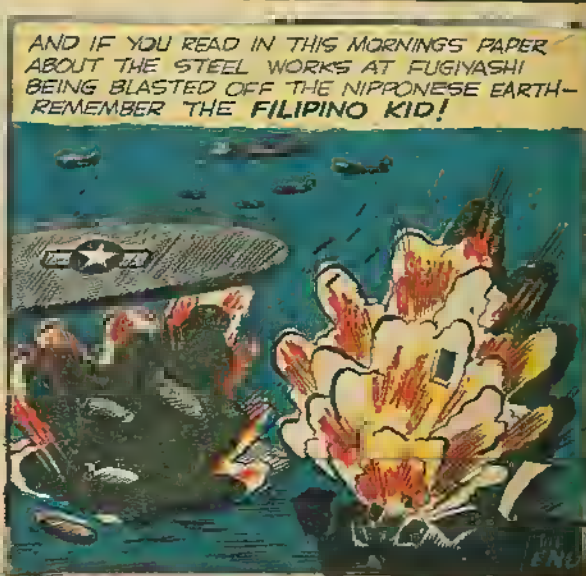
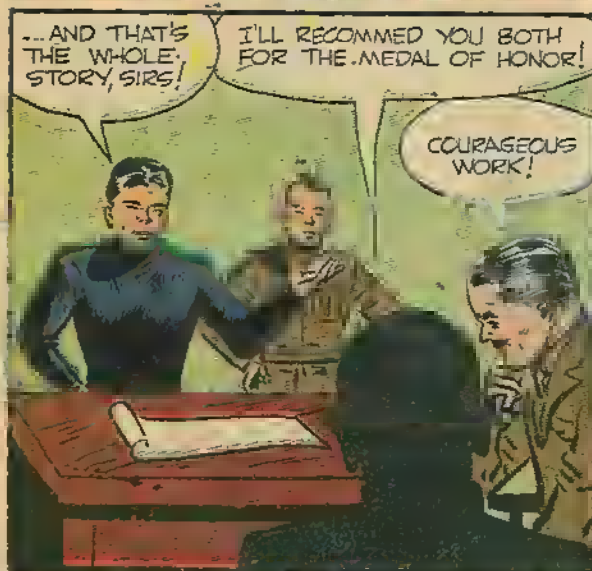


CHINESE PRISONERS
FORCED TO DO SLAVE
LABOR, THE DIRTY DOGS!
BUT FIRST I'VE GOT
TO SAVE KENOSHI!











SEE
DISTANT
SIGHTS!



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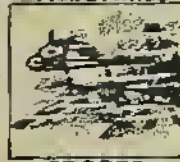
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